





In Boston, then there were in Jefferson's lifetime. An Augustine Birrell once said, the average English voter was not willing to vote for a Catholic candidate, but would gladly vote for a Unitarian like Joseph Chamberlain, yet he was not willing to worship with Joseph Chamberlain and indeed at Christmas time could often be found assisting at Roman Catholic ceremonies in Brompton Oratory.

The United States, however, has never been a Protestant country in any very sophisticated sense. True, there have been very remarkable Protestant theologians, above all Jonathan Edwards: there have been centres of highly critical and learned Calvinist reform like Mercersburg before that famous centre of Germanic scholarship was turned into a prep school. Perhaps only in a country not given to much philosophical reflection on religious problems could Christian Science have known such success.

Dr Ahlstrom is a learned and objective historian but not a very critical one. For example, he has rather naive views on the economic status of Romanism in Europe. Some of the greatest German business consorts are Catholic in origin—indeed, have survived the collapse of some Lutheran or Calvinist enterprises. The role of the Dutch Catholics in the Netherlands is almost entirely ignored. It would have been worth while to speculate why there was comparatively little Catholic Dutch emigration to what became the United States. The background of this phenomenon might perhaps have slightly diminished Dr Ahlstrom's enthusiasm for the liberality of the Dutch Republic. It was a distinguished Dutch statesman who pointed out to a British friend that there was no reason why the Dutch Catholics should feel any enthusiasm for or any confidence in the *marechaussee*. But there are, of course, important Dutch Catholic organizations that work in the Netherlands, and even today in the United States and in London.

Perhaps Dr Ahlstrom exaggerates the non-clerical character of New England. After all, in Scotland the Kirk, even in its non-established branches, was not very different from the Congregational churches of New England and the differences were institutional rather than theological. The disciplines of Dissent were represented in the English colonies by Baptists, by dissenting Calvinists of various types and by the somewhat irregularly organized Christians of Rhode Island. The history of the loosely-organized Baptist churches and their competition with the much more rigorously controlled Methodists is one of the chief themes of this book, and one of those most successfully handled.

The weakness of English imperial power is one of the explanations of the varieties of American Christianity. It is not merely a matter of noticing today in southern California the continual florescence of variants of certain types of Protestantism, but also the invention of "new" religions. The proliferation

of oriental religions, ranging from Bahai to Zen Buddhism, is one indication of the passionate, if amateur, theology inside the United States. It is a pity that Dr Ahlstrom does not discuss this phenomenon, nor the very interesting new developments of Romanism in a body politic where the vestiges of papacy were denounced with great enthusiasm late into this century, and were an important political event during the campaign which ended in the election of President Kennedy.

There are two ecclesiastical developments which Dr Ahlstrom deals with in a very learned and objective way which yet perhaps require a slightly more critical approach. More stress ought to have been laid on the influence of Presbyterianism—Scottish Presbyterianism or Irish Presbyterianism. The difference between the background of the New England way and the background of what have been increasingly called the Scotch-Irish ought to have been a little more stressed. It is not merely the difference between Princeton and Yale, not to speak of the difference between Princeton and Harvard. It is the difference between the ecclesiastical world in which church order was the chief basis of controversy and, indeed, of war, and the more civilized and less savage religious rites of the New England churches. It was not in England that the defenders of rigorous Calvinism went to battle under the slogan "Jesus and no quarrel!" and the analysis of the differences between Presbyterians and Congregationalism would have been useful, even if today fewer and fewer Americans are at all clear what the difference is, either in England or in the United States!

### The old Baptists and the new

Perhaps more stress might have been laid on the very great differences which were developed in modern times between the old and not highly-sophisticated theology of the Baptists and the much more advanced theology and practice of the modern Baptists as represented, let us say, in the University of Chicago. Even in the South, even in the Deep South, the old and highly emotional religion of the Southern Baptists is less potent than it was. And it is not unimportant that Baptist practice and Baptist doctrine have never taken deep roots in Scotland. A consequence of this has been that Scottish theological argument has been far more about church order than what one could call Christian belief. The other dissenting sects in Scotland, if one may dare use that word, are in many cases drying up and there are probably more orthodox Calvinist congregations in Pittsburgh than there are in Edinburgh or Glasgow.

Dr Ahlstrom, of course, is quite conscious of a change which, one suspects, he thinks is a change for

the worse, away from Calvinistic orthodoxy or Lutheran orthodoxy. True, at no time since the late seventeenth century has American orthodoxy been intellectually impressive either in its Calvinist or in its Lutheran form. One example of this can be drawn from the writings of that unrepentable and not nearly intelligent commentator on the infant United States, St John Crèvecoeur. After all, a book, however famous, which is written in the belief that Barba is entirely composed of zealous Calvinists instead of being entirely dominated by zealous Catholics does not deserve much serious attention although, as it still gets a lot of attention from people who know nothing of the complicated religious history of the Highlands and Islands. But today it matters little that Crèvecoeur is still taken seriously, unless one likes to be unkind and stress that the revelation of his theological illiteracy reflects on the critical acumen of a great many American academics.

One of the drawbacks of much American writing on the position of religion, or at any rate the churches, in American life is the fact that even today American Catholics are not really accepted members of the American people. It would be one to give examples of enlightened, liberal, critical Americans who yet have not accepted the role of American Catholics in American society, and have not yet got used to the shock of the life and death of John Kennedy. As Dr Ahlstrom points out, there were some aspects of American Protestantism 100 years ago that were made manifest in the pathological anti-popery of Lynman Beecher and in the popularity of that grizzly version of *Fanny Hill*, *Maria Monk*. André Siegfried once said of the French Protestants, of whom he was one of the most distinguished, that they were not really in the *foyer* of France, and the same could be said, was said, of American Catholics.

Archbishop Hughes was a very remarkable Protestant indeed, but he was not totally adjusted to American society. Perhaps only Cardinal Gibbons could play the role of a great churchman who was almost entirely accepted by the American Protestant community. But Cardinal Gibbons, after all, was Archbishop of Baltimore, the traditional stronghold of American Catholicism, and the stronghold of that part of the American community whose sense of moral and social superiority beats anything that can be produced by Boston or Philadelphia. To see eminent, well-meaning, and well-informed American Protestants being handled by highly sophisticated Maryland *monsignori* in Rome is to have an education in the higher ecclesiastical diplomacy. Yet until this century, Maryland was a very unrepresentative area of the United States, and many Americans still do not accept, or at any rate unconsciously reject, the claims of American Catholics to be American citizens *pari passu*. They are, in the eyes

of many people, still more metics. And a kind of religious prejudice was tolerated in Lady Astor, for example, that would not have been tolerated in an American Catholic of equal wealth and arrogance.

In the America of 1972 it is too late to try to keep the American Catholics down on the farm or down in the factory. It is not only families like the Shivers of Maryland who have found their way to the top, or even the leading Marxist, who represent promotion of American Catholics, socially, intellectually and financially. Now far American Catholics were from being accepted even by the end of the nineteenth century can be illustrated by the fact that few Americans know that Carl Schurz was a Rhine-land Catholic by origin. Few perhaps are conscious of the religious origins of Senator Byrnes of South Carolina. In the same way—a point perhaps not sufficiently stressed by Dr Ahlstrom—it is only in recent years that American Jews have been socially accepted. Some, of course, have "passed" like August Belmont. Others have had very brilliant academic careers, others are extremely rich. And yet it would be untrue to assert that there is no painful or irritating anti-semitism in American society at almost all levels.

If Senator McGovern has some claim to be considered the most disastrous presidential candidate in American history, he was not seriously handicapped by his Catholic vice-presidential candidate, Sargent Shriver, who not only belongs to an old Maryland family but is, by marriage, a Kennedy.

Yet the position of the Catholics has its curious ambiguities. For one thing, American Catholics are far from being united in their political religious valuations. More and more of them have "passed" into the Republican Party, and a number have passed into Protestantism, as an even greater number of Jews have done.

To be a Catholic or a Jew, still to be a very great dynasty like the Kennedys. This has meant that the great changes in the intellectual and social position of American Catholics have been insufficiently noted by enlightened Protestants. A generation ago it would have been not unusual to regard the eastern provinces of the Society of Jesus as one of the least impressive branches of the greatest of Orders. As far as American Jesuits were rising in the intellectual world, it was more the German Catholics of the Midwest than the Irish Catholics of the eastern slums who made the pronouncement. And yet it must be noted that even such devoted Catholics and deeply conservative Catholics as William Buckley or his brother, Senator Buckley, have found it desirable, for various reasons, to go to Yale rather than to Fordham. No Catholic academic institutions—in fact, not many Catholic institutions of any kind—are

totally accepted, and still fewer the Jewish institutions which are totally accepted by the large Protestant culture of the United States.

### Institutions of the boom

There is a paradox in this situation, for the religious boom which accompanied the baby boom at the end of the Second World War is the religious boom has still not reached its peak. The boom of institutions which do not, on the whole, attract the alumni of Yale or Harvard or Princeton, but which changes are real and important, not visibly dramatic. A Catholic bishop recently said that the small churches one sees in Detroit or that one sees in the Southern cities perhaps

Smart converts may be accepted but families which will gladly accept their daughters into the care of the Order of the Sacred Heart are reluctant to send their sons to an average Catholic college. The Jesuit seminary has not in fact been transferred to New Haven in the proximity of Yale, and although the status of the Catholic colleges is improving, for example, the University of Louisville, no Catholic institution has been taken as seriously as Harvard, Princeton and Yale, or even the University of California or the University of Chicago.

On the other hand, there is no doubt that, in the universities far ally attached to traditional Protestant denominations, the prestige of Catholicism is much higher than it was even twenty years ago. It is not merely that the University of Chicago has been a centre of popularity for scholastic philosophy, but that most of the more cultivated and erudite Protestant church leaders begin to realize that they have more in common with the branches of the Church of Rome than with some of the more exalted leaders in the Deep South or in southern California. William Graham may be an adequate chaplain for a former Quaker like President Nixon, but he is not the kind of theologian or religious philosopher to whom serious Americans, especially those who are trying "to make it," are turning for their mal' children.

This situation has produced various changes which Dr Ahlstrom plays down or ignores. Something like the change may be seen, for example, when driving into Detroit around Detroit one can see the churches of obscure Southern sects which are growing, flourishing, and playing down or ignores. Something like the change may be seen, for example, when driving into Detroit around Detroit one can see the churches of obscure Southern sects which are growing, flourishing, and playing down or ignores.

One may assume, may not be a regular university, but it may be in some of the very real small colleges which are the life in the world and, because of the First World War, after the First World War, some of the views of an evangelical optimism were widespread after the war. Whatever ambivalence the American Methodist architectural rival to the Juniors are now gone. The belief in a disastrous liberal action by a liberal paper which took up the belief in the survival of the fittest in Czechoslovakia was faded out. Of course, a Catholic bishop was the son of a college graduate. This is probably not quite true, and if it is true, it is only too prone to identify academic snobbery with social religious truth.

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have no long-term future. But at the moment they are often full of life. The Northern fundamentalist theologians do not share either the faith or the optimism of a great many Southern Baptists. In the Deep South, at any rate, there is a traditional devotion to the Reformation inheritance which seems more deeply rooted than the more intellectual impressive theological position of the Niebuhr brothers. In this way, American Protestantism is more democratic than it was a generation ago. It is not a question of great churches on Fifth Avenue or on the campus of the University of Chicago. It is more a question of the storefront churches of Negro or Spanish Harlem. It will indeed be a paradox if Rome succeeds in monopolizing learned theology while Baptists and Methodists fall back on the more primitive traditions of Roger Williams and John Wesley!

In American Protestantism and, indeed, in American Catholicism,

there is a deeper question of Christian orthodoxy than was conceivable fifty years ago. It is, indeed, difficult to ascertain in some cases exactly what the religion of some very prestigious Protestant academic institutions is; and it is not always easy to decide what is the present theological stance of American Catholicism. Leadership in the Roman Church is now much more sophisticated than it was in the youth of Paul VI, and most of that leadership is French or German or even British and, in an increasing number of cases, actually American.

Worship of very serious note is the degree to which the more learned American Protestants and the more learned American Catholics realize that they are fighting a joint battle against what in the not remote past would have been called "infidelity." If Billy Graham still pines then in and is welcome at the White House, it still remains true that having breakfast with the President is not regarded as so deeply a religious

phenomenon as perhaps President Nixon and his more or less resident chaplain believe. In fact, American Christianity and perhaps American Judaism are facing problems faced not and one may assume that, in an age in which the Archbishop of Boston is of Portuguese origin, all things are possible. All Christians may be fighting the same battle, and the more sophisticated branches of Christianity with headquarters in Rome, Geneva, Edinburgh, and even Canterbury, have more in common than they have things which divide them. We know now how much of medieval Christianity was believed in and preached by Luther and by Calvin. We know how much modern priests in France and Germany, even in the United States, are willing to learn from the spiritual life of Reformation churches. And for the first time since the first settlements in Virginia and in Plymouth Colony, Christianity is not visibly on a sellers' market.

California or the Negroes of Harlem may appear in the not very long run as the *gran finta*. Maynooth is the centre of a great deal of modern light, even if most Irish bishops are not and one may assume that, in an age in which the Archbishop of Boston is of Portuguese origin, all things are possible.

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## The non-containmentment of Hitler

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# A candour under control

DONALD DAVIE:

Collected Poems 1958-1970

316pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £3.75.

In Donald Davie's work the relation of the critic to the poet seems deeply ironic. We can enjoy the vitality of the newest experiments in verse without denying the strength of Mr Davie's warnings against them. For, when all restrictions are lifted on the materials available for poetry, the poet suffers a frightening pull to use the most violent of them. One may win awards for bravery simply by handling certain mixtures of feline emotions, or by giving first-hand accounts of life at the poles of behaviour. At last, it seems, verse can compete with the novel or even the film; and grateful armchair explorers can visit the fierce tribes of darkest Paranoia by opening a thin octave.

At the same time, high-minded critics feel an urge to act as outsiders to the hero of literature. They observe the general neglect of poetry. They admire the self-sacrifice of unpaid, unclerical genius. The least they can do, they may think, is to interpret the artist sympathetically to an ill-informed audience, and to avoid blaming the poet for defects of art. One can praise the moral conscience where one cannot praise its expression; one can expound the esoteric learning of a writer whose rhythms—however significant—grate on the ear.

By taking his stand at the poet's side, the critic defeats only the expectations of the literary reader. This is the man with seductive memories of great or charming poems, who looks in new verse for a mastery of speech. It is the reader who wants a fresh disengagement of wisdom from the web of need and instinct, a sudden coherence revealed in hunk of existence that looked shapeless.

But there is another reader, the groping apprentice. Precisely what attracts some talents to the writing of poetry is the availability of material; and to them the art involved seems spontaneous. Under the united pressure of inarticulate burds

and kind reviewers, poetry receives an odd kind of approval. The measure of accomplishment becomes not the constantly renewed satisfaction of literary readers but the establishment of undemanding models for unlearned authors. Those poets who exploit their most secret sensations, like those who celebrate the crises of public opinion, are often too brisk to shape their work. They want pretexts for delivering it raw; and they are numerous enough to supply a loud chorus of praise for teachers who excuse them. Ezra Pound, William Carlos Williams, and Charles Olson have been made into apologetic for irresponsibility. What poets look for, and what good-natured critics often enforce, is just a quick method of binding together some ill-assorted intensities.

It is Mr Davie's merit that he has always resisted the confusion of achievement with excitement. Whoever recalls the notorious dispute with Al Alvarez will appreciate Mr Davie's wish to support literary values:

The practice of an art is to convert all terms into the terms of art. ("July, 1964")

Against him push the many who believe that a violence within us must fight the violence without, by means which transcend literary judgment. But with him stand some formidable powers, not least the witness of writers surviving under the stifling regimes of Eastern Europe but confirmed in the virtue of the poetic act.

Mr Davie has not been afraid to recommend and use models painfully created by the forebears of our poetry. He has pleaded for aesthetic control and praised moral principles even when they suited the fixed order of society. He has distrusted easy motions and infringed on no legitimate privacy. At the same time, he has utterly rejected provincialism and studied poets who live in regions or speak languages ignored by many of his contemporaries. He has willingly experimented with the styles and structures of three centuries. He has maintained a record of conscious integrity, misrepresenting his character neither to himself nor to others.

So he has admitted tergiversations and failures to meet his own requirements.

Yet turning from Mr Davie's programme to his poems, one feels troubled. After all the distaste he shows in "Pentecost" for self-indulgent "self-communers"—

They see and hear with the thorax, They are eloquent in pidgein

—Mr Davie still places the rights of the audience below those of the poet. He comes to terms with his own experience when he embodies it in verse—"the chart/I keep, of my own sea-changes" ("Resolutions"). But any reader who stands between him and the world he responds to is moved on. Mr Davie's very integrity prevents him from violating the purity of an impression in order to reward the attendance of an onlooker. To his own nature and to nothing else—he implies—the poet must be true.

Since Mr Davie's candour is matched by his discretion, he has few startling communications on the subject of himself or his intimates. This is to be regretted. Two quarantined "Autumn Imagined" indicate how delicately he can deal with married love:

The shuffle and shudder of Autumn Are in our love. Those last thin garments, come Let's have them off!

Drop them about your knees. The heech-tree ruins its gold. We are deciduous trees. And our year grows old. Elsewhere he suggests poignantly

but with dignity the tension that strains a secure partnership ("Across the Bay").

Very seldom does Mr Davie choose themes like these, which appeal to normal curiosity. More often he delivers his views on moral principles, or the writing of poetry, or various anti-heroic figures from British imperial history. These have to be genuine views, never modified so as to draw and hold the mere reader of the poem. So again Mr Davie examines his inner character, its origins and development, but with so much self-respect, so much restraint, and so little humour that one feels finally less edified than subdued.

My strongest feeling all My life has been I recognize, revision From the obscene; That more than anything My life-consuming passion. ("Revolution")

Take me or leave me, says the flat, declarative tone.

It is a fair question whether a poet can be loyal to Candour without becoming a poet. Can one properly define "art" in terms that exclude the audience? Or if one's first aim is to record the precise shape of experience, can it be more than chance that makes the shape please anybody else? Too many of Mr Davie's poems advance erratically toward capricious goals; too many trail off in a defiant bathos, as if to say: It happened so, and so you must take it.

Therefore, while the metrical or

## At Home

After dinner you hear footsteps outside  
but they all pass by on their intricate journeys—  
carrying sealed messages to gas companies  
but with such deference,  
on tiptoe, speaking quietly  
even to house numbers and wagons.

The same politeness shrouds the house, making you  
smile at furniture  
before sitting down to worry about the carpet—  
the way it stretches  
sending pile to every corner—such a flat beached  
fish that only winces when you  
step on it, but never whimpers, never even sighs.

All the objects around you are well-bred, stoic,  
resigned to duties only disaster  
will release them from.

You wait  
for disasters too, some booming  
invitation to run in the street, free finally of that  
contract you signed to sit still all the evenings  
of your life.

But some nights you can't stop walking.  
All the chairs point out  
aches, the little bruises thinking brings.

You walk around opening  
and closing doors. Or stare out at  
the faint light on trees

thinking  
of minnows.

You stop at closets, feel the material of  
an old life, look at shoes. And you don't speak.

Not even  
the need to lie squirms in your  
throat. You ear the powder of silence  
and wander toward sheets  
stiff as collars.

the drugged journeys of  
heavy-handed dreams.  
or the bright tumour of sleeplessness.

VERN RUTSALA

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delightful little chap; all four children are told they have an enviable selfish about them and are asked to be tender and patient when the time comes. . . . One could go on, Grass does.

The book's opening words, "Liebe Kinder . . .", set much of its tone: it is—or seems to be—largely in response to his children's multiquoted questioning that the celebrated writer ("And is it nice, Christmas Syllabus for a year, one hardly knows whether the regularity expresses anger or oversight. To add the principal rational control to the range of poems not merely in tone but in subject. It is also to create a sense of irresolvable dilemma where the poet is distinguishing his character from that of more violent talents but voicing sentiments as extreme as theirs, as in "To the Keller". The paucity of living persons in Mr Davie's poems is not a bewildering variety of characters rescued from history; these are too plainly projections and-masks of the poet; and sometimes feels locked into obsessions.

"And whaddya mean by slug?" "The slug, that's progress." "And what's progress, then?" "And a bit quicker than the slug." . . . and never arriving, children.

And clearly quite a lot besides. At first, however, if it is said to stand for the one thing, the chosen gastropod—figuratively more snail, of course, than slug—represents gradual and continual movement in what father considers the right political direction: Willy Brandt's slow but steady rise to eminence ("Yes, children, he's a friend of mine") is described as a "Schneckenkarriere". The SPD, "set against the background of his hundred years of toil", is a "Schneckenpartei", and blessings are counted, in part, in "Schneckendeutsch" (e.g. the locution "still, even so" (immerhin), as in "Still, it's not Lücke any more, but Heinenmann").

And Grass himself? Well, it turns out that he is a "Schnecke", too—a gradualist, a revisionist, an evolutionist, a Hereditarian social democrat, a none of which will come as any surprise to those who have followed his by now means snail-paced career since his sudden and total arrival in 1959 with *Die Dämonen*. In the early days (early for Germany), "Unsurprisingly, too, barely thirty-two, when that Grass was his best-aimed pot-shot: hot-headed student radicals, notably the middle-class, the better-heeled ones (seemingly a plentiful breed during the season in question); persons Marxist pedagogues and persons (these just in passing); certain leading CDU/CSU politicians, above all one "Garaudel"; and every so often, mostly compressed into terms

which an audience of miners will understand, Hegel (Hegelger gets off badly this time, but then the days of *Thunfisch* are provisionally over).

The more memorable features of *Aus dem Tagebuch einer Schnecke* are to be found in the thematic mix of fact and fantasy in which these autobiographical elements are embedded. What happened to Danzig's Jews and to Hermann Ott (sobriquet: "Dr. Dauln"—the propensity to doubt being, in so many words, a Good Thing) amounts very briefly to this: The anti-Nazi (pro-Schopenhauer, anti-illegit ergo also anti-communist) Aryan snail-lover Ott, born 1905, who taught at Jewish schools in Danzig until the beginning of the war, devoted the best part of his years in hiding (to entertaining and thus placating his half-reluctant protector, Anton Stommu (a simple-minded, almost illiterate, fitfully sadistic anti-Prussian bicycle-dealer), (b) to trying to elicit a normal sexual response from Stommu's temporarily dotty daughter (he succeeds, abnormally, with the aid of an unidentified leech-like slug), and (c) to studying whatever common varieties of gastropod she, Lisbeth, brought back for him from her obsessional excursions to local cemeteries.

Meanwhile the Free City of Jewish community—10,448 souls, according to the 1929 census—was being rapidly and relentlessly destroyed: of those who failed to flee, twenty survived. The ones who got away, to Bolivia, Shanghai, England, Palestine, included a greengrocer friend of Dr. Dauln, which—to cut a silly story short—may account for the increase in edible snails on Mount Carmel; many were caught on the run, among them one of the Dauln's pupils (who naturally enough, before their ways parted and Dauln took to his cellar, had shared his teacher's interest in, yes, snails), a boy whose real live sister Günter Grass, in search of lost threads, visited in Jerusalem last year, Dauln included.

Refined now, he gives lectures from time to time. Mr. Dauln's pupils, smiling and hideous tales of persecution, flight, death, and bare existence are reflections on what, in the opinion of K.-A. Knappe, is "the greatest speculation" in the world. Knappe adds that "we are still far from a satisfactory interpretation", a view which, were he to read some of the things Grass has found to say since, he might just conceivably wish to qualify. Grass's findings are the raw material for a

lecture he was asked to give in Nuremberg during the Dürer quincentenary; for good measure, the lecture itself—or an adaptation of it—appears here as a sort of conclusion-cum-appendix.

One of the few non-essentials Ott took along with him when he cut and ran was a copy of Dürer's engraving; and Grass had a postcard version with him when he was on tour. Readers of this edition of *Aus dem Tagebuch einer Schnecke* would be well advised to get hold of something similar: many of Grass's comments relate, as it turns out, to specific graphic details of the engraving, and the mind's eye alone. One wishes they could be (and wonders why the publishers apparently do not care that they cannot, because it is perhaps in such comments, rather than in the grand enigmatic exaltations of his principal message, the writer's humour, his splendid irreverence, his knowledge and inventiveness—reminiscent in some ways of Lichtenberg on Hogarth—find most effective expression. A name-index would in fact list Lichtenberg, as well as Böll, Böll, Hans Magnus Enzensberger, Uwe Johnson, Jean Paul, Lawrence Sanders, and, inevitably, a whole host of politicians.)

The message runs roughly as follows: Melancholy and Utopia are sisters, two sides of the same coin, and it is an experience typical of the modern age, an experience embodied in Dürer's perpetuating picture, to come to a halt in mid-progress (the lecture is entitled "Von Stillstand im Fortschritt"), to pause and think about what has been thought—until the only certainty left is doubt:

Our Melancholy squats amid ideologies and deficient reforms. . . . We are weary and disturbed by protracted snail-like processes. . . . she too rasts her head, like Dürer's Melencolia, she too clenches her fist.

None the less, as might be expected, Grass's point is a positive one: Melancholy will throw in the sponge from time to time, but as a rule she rallies and renews it; she should not be shunned; only those who have dwelt in the shadows of Utopia can assess what progress is.

Throughout his diatribe, as might also be expected in the light of past experience, Grass is more than a little self-conscious about his authorial manners, his wish to be "to talk to you in a roundabout way" (For the last four years I have been putting brackets around sentences and individual

words: it's something to do with getting older). "Simultaneous events have always been a thing of mine. That's proved a scrambling block for Dauln and me. . . . Only yesterday. . . . I was wondering. . . . whether it was worth telling you more. . . . or whether. . . ." "Actually I ought now to go all historical-statistical and talk about. . . ." "Doubt could now only remember things complexly. . . . One effect of such indirect self-criticism could be to disarm, to persuade the writer's more detached admirer to accept all manner of shortcomings for which they might otherwise have taken him to task; the truncated telegrams which appear, at least at first, to stem from indolence; the preaching which (even?) in "a book for my children and those of other people" seems unlikely to achieve its purpose; the tiresome quips and obscurities in which the book abounds. However wide the acceptance, though, it is bound to be reluctant. *Aus dem Tagebuch einer Schnecke* is a work brim-full of unredemptive promise, an accumulation of ingredients, an exceptionally rich, occasionally exasperating disappointment.

To produce another of those (in Henry James's phrase) "large loose boggy monsters" for which he is justly famous, Grass no doubt needs more time than he has recently been prepared to spare. *Günter Grass—Dokumente zur politischen Wirkung*, which appeared last year and will commend itself to all students of *literature's engaged*, is an impressive record not only of the writer's political activities and the response to them between 1961 and 1971 but also of the various public controversies in which he has been involved over the years (for example, that surrounding the award of the 1959 Bremen prize for literature). Complementing his *Über das Selbstverständliche*, the assembled documents (speeches, newspaper articles, open letters, etc.), by him and about him, "virtually never refer to literature, because Grass too distinguishes between what he calls his political work." It is arguable whether the distinction has ever been entirely clear in practice; what is certain is that since the mid-1960s it has been blurred if not obliterated—and the world of German letters is probably the poorer. An unreasonable price to pay for it: it can be shown that, thanks to the time Grass has spent hard at work outside that world, German politics are the richer, the healthier? Obviously not; and it can.

## High colour

MAURICE CLAVEL:

Le tiers des étoiles

297pp. Paris: Grasset. 24fr.

By an ancient device, *Le tiers des étoiles* is offered to us as the author's scrupulous retransmission of a confession: written by a painter-friend of a Franciscan friend of his and dispatched, after the painter's death, with covering note, to Maurice Clavel. The narrative of the confession is the story of how Marc Estange, a painter of aesthetic propaganda started himself as a failed successor to Roulet by the frightening perspicacity of Pierre Nasst, a wealthy architect, is briefly re-connected with his own creative energy and at the same time drawn, with fatal consequences, into the cloud of unknown that surrounds Pierre's love-life. The north and south of the narration are centric; whether interrupted (by scruple) or serial (in compensation), and purity or wholeness; the east and west of the novel, God and Satan; the area mapped, apocalypse.

Certainly something like this mixture of styles and yoking of large contraries is needed to indicate the mode of the fiction, in which the novel is a crude rub against subtleties of dialogue and tone. But it is all too much, and the novelist's efforts to make that a virtue (there appears to be a convention that novels by or

about painters, real or supposed, ought to be "larger than life") do not hide from us for long, inventive though M Clavel is, awareness of confusion over intentions. The high colour that plays on all the characters, picking out "Rabelaisian" here, disarming there, subtly over there, marks off more sharply the pallid centre—Marc. He is asserted as powerful, virile, gruff, creative—and the actions of the others require this stress without it—but he is expertly enmeshed as noisy, muddled and more of the subtle belong to the others, while the one significant opposition, Marc might have offered—the child-like—turns quickly to the childish. His petulant rationalizations, in addition to distorting the play of forces, weaken seriously, even shockingly, one of the major determinants of the novel: the anguished search for a contemporary synthesis of sexual with religious wholeness. What might have been bold becomes merely "dark": fantasy has overtaken imagination.

The paradox is that *Le tiers des étoiles* springs from an admirably rich imagination: once again we are with the problem of confusion about overall design, translated for us as uncertainty of tone. It is a novel one wants very much to like, but. . . . The "but" are, however, by no means universal; it has just won the Prix Médicis.

## A clown's findings

ALDO PALAZZESCHI:

Via delle cento stelle

110pp. Milan: Mondadori. L2,500.

Aldo Palazzeschi has always been a great one for surprises, both in poetry and prose. His brilliant earlier novels were recently followed by three experimental novels, of which *Il doge* (1967) is the most remarkable. He returned to poetry, after an absence of twenty years, in 1968 with *Ciao mio*. Now, at the age of eighty-seven, he provides us with one hundred short poems in *Via delle cento stelle*.

It has been observed that in his poetry Palazzeschi passed from crepuscular ("twilight") poetry, through Futurism, to an ironic vision. He has had from the beginning his own manner, his own rhythms and his own music, which he cleverly relates in his new book to a kind of prose movement. Whether he writes like a child in the magic atmosphere of a nursery fairy-tale or like a clown balancing on a pogo stick, he is always true to himself. Indeed,

he may be said to have brought a stylistic dignity and a new objective imagination to Italian poetry of the early twentieth century. In spite of his buffoonery, he ends up with an attitude not unlike that of Gozzano, but more detached and more paradoxical. The clown has become a philosopher, or, at any rate, a sage.

The hundred poems under review have a more spacious and a more airy than their predecessors, though some have a waspish sting in the tail. There are no *ghiribizzi* (whimsical ornaments) and no more child-like or birdlike chatter. Instead Palazzeschi uses a shrewd, wry, colloquial almost prosaic, style to set out his unexpected findings and bizarre discoveries. The extraordinary freshness of these poems, their originality, their humour and disconcerting wisdom are amazing for a man of his age. He is equally capable of describing with tenderness old age and its consequences, and of dealing effectively with contemporary problems such as pornography, about which he writes a splendid poem ending: "Alla fine ho capito: pornografia è solamente in verità."

These poems have a curious prose element, and they would become prose if translated into English, but Palazzeschi, with his usual skill at balancing tricks and his mastery of language, sees to it that they are not prosy. The humour of "Il sesso", "Dove è gonno", and "Il cane", the subtlety of "Il cane gelato", the humanity towards his friend Sergio Corazzini and Marino Moretti, his coeval with whom he went to school, the gentle satire of "Il Futurismo", the lyric quality of "La sigaretta" and the sympathetic irony of "L'abito nero" are as varied as they are astonishing.

Palazzeschi has triumphed over old age, grief and pain. Long may he live and long may he write.

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# Victorian masters

WILLIAM GAUNT:

The Restless Century

Painting in Britain 1800-1900.

255pp including 171 plates. Phaidon. £6.50.

At last we are beginning to get the number of books on Victorian painting to which this long neglected chapter in the history of art is entitled, and so it seems no more than just that William Gaunt, whose *Pre-Raphaelite Tragedy* opened our eyes thirty years ago to a vanished world of art, and who with that book and its successors, *The Aesthetic Movement* and *Victorian Glamour*, gave us what were for a long time virtually the only serious modern contributions to this branch of study, should now, so to speak, reap where he has sown. Nor that *The Restless Century* is by any means entirely devoted to the Victorians—accepting the arbitrary limits of a century, it begins with the last years of the Loutherburg and ends with Sickert in mid-career—but inevitably it pays considerable attention to those Victorian masters who would have been neglected if Mr Gaunt had not called our attention to them a generation ago.

This is a volume which has a handsome appearance and which pleases mainly by reason of its pictures, which when printed in black and white are admirable always and when printed in colour are admirable

sometimes. The good, clear, gracefully composed introduction is brief and to the point, and Mr Gaunt has supplied some excellent notes on the artists, a list of collections and a useful bibliography. The text is beautifully adequate to its purpose and criticism should be based rather on the choice of artists and of pictures.

Mr Gaunt has made some very happy discoveries and decisions in his search for pictures to represent his chosen artists. Lord Leighton's portrait of Mrs Evan Gordon is a most useful corrective to the impression received from the more famous (and more typical) "Burl of Psyche" and, in the same way, C. F. Watts's sketch for "Mammoth", an extraordinary and in fact a grotesque portrait, contrasts most instructively with his delicate, sentimental, but not unattractive portrait of Mrs. Huth. Again, hasty and habitual condemnation of the later Millais may have to be reconsidered in the light of the excellent examples that Mr Gaunt provides of nearly every period of his oeuvre. There are some interesting, and indeed entertaining, juxtapositions: Sir William Beechey's brilliant and very psychological portrait of Nelson, "The Spiritual form of Nelson guiding Levantham", one of Blake's more fantastically Michelangelesque productions; Hodgson's decidedly European view of the Orient—a genre picture of celestial gliding at the sight of Western ladies' slippers—confronts Whistler's "Caprice in Purple and

Gold"—an exceedingly Japanese interpretation of the West. Mr Gaunt seems frequently to have used the two-projector technique of the art-historical lecturer, and to good effect.

In a book containing 195 pictures representing 100 years of painting, in which, as we have seen, several aspects of the same painter are often displayed, there are bound to be omissions. Certain figures of debatable importance, but nevertheless highly characteristic of their age, have been left out: for example, C. R. Leslie, Marcus Stone and Val Prinsep. Some of the painters who were influenced by the first wave of Pre-Raphaelitism have also been left out: Augustus Egg, William Maw Egley, Calderon and Martineau; so too have a certain number of Burne Jones's followers, notably Simeon Solomon and Sidney Meynard. That these should be discarded does not matter too much, although many readers are bound to regret the absence of artists whom they find particularly interesting. A more serious lacuna is the late Victorian landscape school; we are, to be sure, given a Steer—though it is not a landscape—but there is nothing by Clausen, La Thangue, Alfred East, Leander. These, who are neither illustrated nor referred to in the text, surely deserved some mention in a survey of the century. If this volume achieves the great success that it surely deserves, perhaps Mr Gaunt will give us another in which the gaps will be filled.

LESLIE AYRE:

The Gilbert and Sullivan Companion

485pp. W. B. Allen. £4.50.

MICHAEL HARDWICK:

The Osprey Guide to Gilbert and Sullivan

284pp. Reading: Osprey. £2.50.

When the copyright of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas finally expired in 1961 and the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company's exclusive control was relaxed, there was a certain amount of speculation whether other professional organizations would enter the field or whether, with their typical allusions getting more and more obscure with the passage of time, the operas would begin to lose their popular favour and whether, in the event, what Leslie Ayre calls "this great heritage" might be lost. As a matter of fact, there were a few productions that broke away from the stereotype, but there has been no decline in the popularity of Gilbert and Sullivan. Indeed, a new industry has sprouted, which has produced books of their libretti, of commentaries, treasuries, companions and guides.

A companion is basically an encyclopedia for thorough inquiry upon everything to do with its chosen subject. Leslie Ayre's book is just that. Have you for the moment forgotten *per impossible* in which opera the chorus "Upon our sea-girt land" occurs, or, more excruciatingly, who Go to was? This *Companion* will tell you at once that Go to was the singer introduced into *The Mikado* solely to sing bass in "Brightly

dawns our wedding day". There too, amusing quips to be found in some of the biographies, for instance, when Sullivan's biographer, Frederick, questioned about his profession, said, "I have been architect, but I am now an architect."

The texts of the songs are found under the titles of the operas to which they belong, with a connecting matter to provide a synopsis of the plot, but the libretti are not available.

They are in Marjory Goss's *Tricentenary*, history is provided in some preliminary essays and lists. The book is decorated with fine-drawings of the period from Mander and Mitchenson's *The Collection*.

A much smaller book of the kind, which also professes to provide "pleasurable browsing and quick and complete reference," is *Brisker* than a companion, but its compiler is content for the part to quote only the first line of the songs, though with "unfavourable" he prints their full—there is not something Gilberian about this ample provision. It is needed less? Not so much. *Gilbertian Glossary*, which is at serving overseas readers who be puzzled by an allusion to *Edgar*. Michael Hardwick's *Guide to the Social and Literary Contexts of Gilbert and Sullivan* but much to say about the music, ever, though there is a discography.

# Global theatre

MYRON MATLAW:

Modern World Drama

An Encyclopedia.

960pp. Secker and Warburg. 18.75.

Myron Matlaw, a teacher at Queen's College in the City University of New York, has not only compiled but also written the whole of this substantial reference work on modern drama. Anyone who has edited an encyclopedia will envy him for not having had to seek out (and keep up to the mark) a host of contributors, but the price has had to be paid by forfeiting the kind of vitality that the association of many individual talents can give. Dr Matlaw's style, fortunately, is even and unassuming, making for easy reading, but a certain drab uniformity could not be avoided.

The book's achievement is considerable, like its scope. Regarding "modern" drama as having evolved in the latter part of the nineteenth century, with Ibsen, Shaw, Chekhov and Strindberg, the author has selected nearly 700 playwrights for attention. He might with advantage have set his period a little further back to find room for such obvious precursors of the modern drama as the younger Dumas, Augier, Scribe and Hebbel, and, inevitably in a work of this kind, the reader will find omissions of later writers who deserve their place. An instance is

"Gordon Daviot", author of *Under the Red Rose*, which, with *The Glass Menagerie*, was one of the glories of the London theatre in the 1930s. But in his elected period it is fair to say that Dr Matlaw omitted no major figure.

The ordering of the material, which is by country, and the inclusion of biographies of the playwrights, synopses of their plays, and pieces of their work, are all well handled. Much bibliographical information is given in the course of the work. There is an index of characters as well as a comprehensive index. The cross-references stand up well to testing. Though Matlaw has rightly restricted his subject to the theatre, he has not kept out of the copious illustrations, while actors and first nights are naturally crop up in the text.

The charting of more than a century of theatrical writing over the world was a major enterprise and Dr Matlaw has carried it through with scrupulous care and spirit. Whatever the criticisms may have preceded in various style and critical perception, the sheer informativeness of the book makes it of genuine value to teachers and students of dramatic literature.

# Dance fever

ARNOLD HASKELL:

Balletomania at Large

246pp. Heinemann. £3.75.

Arnold Haskell is now in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, for having launched the word *balletomania* in the British public—with his best-selling book of that name in 1934. He has, however, always been much more than a balletomania. His infectious enthusiasm did an enormous amount to help keep ballet alive after the death of Diaghilev. But his books have always been notable for enthusiasm rather than accuracy. Like most people, Mr Haskell gets more like himself as he gets older.

New enthusiasms abound; intense and careless proof-reading is rare. He admits to having had a "balletomania" in his youth, and mostly carefree life—balletomania, three brilliant, personal and will be enjoyed by many friends. There is a postscript, written after he had a slight heart attack, in which he says that he has written his book to deliver the message to his publishers—with whom, he says, his career began. The diagram did not show much dancing. "I was confined to a hardy, busy man who loves reading," he sums up the honest self-portrait that pervades the book.

DOERS AND THINKERS—10

# Modern theology and the care of souls

BY CARDINAL HEENAN

about the exact meaning of the words of Christ.

Jesus Christ, in fact, has become the chief point of difference between academic theologians and the clergy and faithful in all Christian communities. Theological controversy is no longer inter-denominational. Orthodox and, if the word may still be used, heresy have become trans-denominational. Dispute is centred on the Word—but the written word and the incarnate Word. The key question is still, What think you of Christ? Karl Barth says "Christology is the touchstone of all theology." All would agree, though few contemporary academics would now accept his christological views. Here are two such views taken from his *Dogmatics*: "This Jesus who is crucified is the Jehovah of the Old Testament, is God Himself" and "Christ Jesus is God Himself uniquely living through and of Himself."

There is a remarkable unanimity about the theological works which have appeared in recent years. Theologians seem to read mainly each other's books. Unlike academics in other fields they appear to spend little time in research. They rarely refer to the Latin and Greek Fathers of the Church. It is boring for parish clergy seeking pabulum for themselves and their congregations to be fed with a diet of Bultmann and Tillich. It is as if serious theological thinking had begun to blossom only in the present century. It is odd how rarely Athanasius, Augustine, Gregory, Irenaeus, Cyril and Cyprian are mentioned in contemporary theological writing. Origen and Tertullian have a better chance of being quoted.

The Fathers dealt with the mysteries of faith and the practical problems of Christians. They were pastors as well as scholars and that is why their words are still helpful today. It is a pity that modern theo-

logians usually prefer to quote each other. It would be unthinkable in the arts to ignore the masterpieces of our cultural inheritance. I doubt if a future Migne will think it worth while to compile a patology of modern theologians.

One does not need to be a prophet to realize that without a dramatic reversal of the present trend there will be no future for the Church in English-speaking countries. Christianity grew because men accepted as true that God became man and that only in the name of Jesus could they be saved. The clergy know that this is still true of Christian men and women today. In broad terms, too many theologians assume that religious truth should make no demand on faith. Even the definition of God must be so framed that nobody can refuse to accept it.

Too many theologians have accepted Bultmannism as the only authentic revelation. This is surpris-

ing, because Bultmann did not say anything essentially different from the theologians once called modernists. Niebuhr was astonished that Bishop John Robinson regarded Bultmann's ideas as new. After all," he remarked, "Bishop is a New Testament scholar and should have known long ago what Bultmann and Tillich had been saying, i.e. that religious statements are synthetic and that all religious statements are mythological." I wonder if Bultmann would have become so famous had he not been a theological revolutionary?

In the old days of modernism it was recognized that heresy was the breeding-ground for greatness. Writing to his friend Loisy, Father Tyrrell said that his publisher was pressing him to write a new book but it must be of the kind which would attract the instant condemnation of Rome. I sometimes wonder if Karl Barth would have become so justifiably famous had he not while still under the influence of Harnack written his radical commentary on the Epistle to the Romans. His twelve volumes of *Dogmatics* are not so well thumbed by divinity students, despite the fact that the kindly Pope John compared them with the *Summa Theologiae*.

Bultmannism is the chief single reason why theologians and pastors of souls have largely ceased to speak the same language. Most Christians, whether clerical or lay, reject Bultmann while contemporary theologians tend to accept him uncritically as a prophet. Radicals used to be content to explain away mysteries and miracles. Bultmann explains away the whole gospel. In his reasonable desire to correct false historical accounts he undermines their historicity. He described his demolition work as demythologizing. In his view, the story of Christ is no more historical than the story of creation in Genesis is scientific. Incarnation, the virgin birth, the Trinity and, of course, the resurrection are all myths. It is as absurd to talk of God on earth as of God in heaven. The whole concept of mystery is invalid. Not only the word but the concept of the supernatural must be eliminated. God does not

# Without expression

WOLF-DIETER DUBE:

The Expressionists

Translated by Mary Whittall

215pp. Thames and Hudson. £2.50 (paperback, £1.50).

Wolf-Dieter Dube and his wife are already known for their catalogues of the graphic work of Erich Heckel and Ernst Ludwig Kirchner. Dr Dube is Chief Conservator at the Staatsgemaldesammlungen in Munich and in part responsible for one of the best collections of Expressionist painting anywhere. Although he came to nineteenth and twentieth-century art only after specializing in Flemish painting, Dr Dube's background and experience lead one to expect a great deal from a volume by him on Expressionism, even if this does appear in "The World of Art Library", a disturbingly uneven series.

Perhaps the editorial demands of this series and especially its frankly popular and basic character inhibited Dr Dube and prevented him from wrenching himself to the full, for *The Expressionists*, although factual, level-headed and intelligently planned, is disappointing. The by-now familiar story of Dieckmann, Blauer Reiter, of Dresden, Munich, Berlin, Vienna and the Rhineland is retold in a manner often so bland that it recalls nothing more exciting than a shopping-list. What seems to be lacking most is any kind of critical attitude towards Expressionism out of which might have come an opinion of the movement's deeper purpose and significance and of the relative qualities and aims of its various protagonists. Although the book is concerned only with painting and graphic art, it would have surely helped a reader coming to the subject for the first time if something had been said of the way the visual arts related not only to literature but also to the social and political situation in Germany at this time.

The illustrations (the ones in colour often badly printed) could have been much more intelligently chosen. Almost all of them are so familiar from other books that they have become visual clichés and one longs for something other than the same handful of pictures on which to base a discussion of the subject. There are surely enough paintings in private collections and small museums which, never illustrated before, might make their point more clearly because of their very freshness.

Even the strength of Dr Dube's

book is supplanted by what one suspects are the demands of the series. Whenever he can, Dr Dube quotes directly from a contemporary source to assist him in his story-telling, and his choice of quotations is always apposite and sometimes unusual, especially those from the memoirs of Schumacher, the drawing master of Heckel, Kirchner and Rölly at the Dresden Technische Hochschule. But nowhere are full references given, and it is frustrating to search in vain through the sketchy bibliography (is Grohmann's monograph really the only book on Kandinsky worth recommending?) for Schumacher or for the sources of any of the other quotations given.

# Republican icon

ROBERT L. HERBERT:

J. L. David: Brutus

160pp including 62 plates. Allen Lane The Penguin Press. £2.25.

The latest addition to the "Art in Context" series maintains the high standards of the first four volumes (reviewed here on August 11). David's painting of Lucius Junius Brutus, the arch-enemy of the tyrant Tarquin and a founding father of the Roman republic (for it is he and not Caesar's assassin, Marcus Brutus, who is the protagonist of the painting), lends itself particularly well to the explicit treatment as image and idea on which the series is based.

Begin sometime before the outbreak of the Revolution, apparently without any particularly doctrinaire intention, the exhibition of the painting within two months of the fall of the Bastille at once gave it highly charged political significance, as d'Angiviller, the Directeur des Bâtiments, was quick to see. He even made feeble attempts to prevent it being shown in the Salon of 1789 in spite of the fact that the King had already sent him into protective exile. When, twelve months later, Voltaire's *Brutus* was revived for two performances at the National Theatre, the republican and anti-monarchical sentiments of the play in which the horror of a tyrannical government is expressed with all the

fire of Voltaire's genius" were stressed. Busts of Brutus and Voltaire were displayed on the stage and the occasion became a climactic one in the cultural history of the French Revolution. The royalties in the audience cheered the lines favouring Tarquin but they were soon cowed by the more enthusiastic cheering of the radicals at those praising Brutus.

From that time on Brutus, the austere republican who had condemned even his own sons to death for treason to the state, became one of the cult heroes of the Revolution. His bust literally dominated the National Convention, his image appeared in the place of kings on playing cards, he constantly figured in popular anti-monarchical caricatures and other propaganda material. At all the great state festivals of the Revolution, the bust of Brutus was the centre of the transfer of the ashes of Voltaire to the Pantheon to the "Fête de l'Être Suprême". Brutus's effigy was always given the greatest prominence as the most typical apostle of republican virtue and liberty. It is the evolution of this idea in the early days of the Revolution as much as David's painting (the one of his greatest masterpieces) with which Mr Herbert is concerned in this little book. Anyone interested in the pictorial and cultural history of the period as well as the important role that David played in the Revolution down to the Thermidorian reaction is likely to find it highly stimulating reading.

# Dance fever

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Arnold Haskell is now in the *Oxford English Dictionary*, for having launched the word *balletomania* in the British public—with his best-selling book of that name in 1934. He has, however, always been much more than a balletomania. His infectious enthusiasm did an enormous amount to help keep ballet alive after the death of Diaghilev. But his books have always been notable for enthusiasm rather than accuracy. Like most people, Mr Haskell gets more like himself as he gets older.

New enthusiasms abound; intense and careless proof-reading is rare. He admits to having had a "balletomania" in his youth, and mostly carefree life—balletomania, three brilliant, personal and will be enjoyed by many friends. There is a postscript, written after he had a slight heart attack, in which he says that he has written his book to deliver the message to his publishers—with whom, he says, his career began. The diagram did not show much dancing. "I was confined to a hardy, busy man who loves reading," he sums up the honest self-portrait that pervades the book.

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# TLS

71st Year 22 December 1972 No. 3,694

## Viewpoint

BY JOHN WILLETT

AT THE MOMENT I am sitting on the sidelines of an argument whether there should or should not be a school of writing at the institute where I teach. This is something which really puzzles me, because it is all so remote from my own experience. Apparently there are students who want to be taught how to write, well, I can understand this as one aspect of the general problem of literacy—there are also people who need to be taught how to speak, for that matter—but it is very little to do with the art of writing, which is one that in my view cannot be systematically taught.

That one writer can pick up useful ideas and criticisms from another: that is clear. But the notion of any teaching institution awarding degrees or diplomas at the end of a full-scale course in writing strikes me as farcical. Even as a journalist I've never found that my prospective employers wanted to know what such certificates I held (or, in most cases, whether I had been educated at all), and I can hardly think of anything less likely than a novelist's (say) getting his book accepted because he holds a degree in writing. All that such a degree can possibly do is to qualify a writer to teach writing to others: in other words, to perpetuate the new academic treadmill. Already I suspect that university drama departments create a self-contained system of this kind, whose products go back into university drama departments rather than out into the real theatre. But at least they have definite techniques and traditions to teach.

How does one learn to write, then? First and foremost, by having something to write about, or somebody to write for. You find yourself one day in a position where you have to write, and you write. In a particular way: persuasively, clearly, evocatively, entertainingly, informatively, rhetorically, or any combination of these. How you then solve the problem will depend on what you have read—and read not only in your own language but also in others, particularly those which, like Latin and French, have helped form it: there is no such thing as a dead language, where writing is concerned, any more than there is dead music or dead art.

It will also depend, of course, on your own experience of the medium; to write effectively you do need practice, though the extent of that practice bears no relation to that, for instance, of the concert pianist (Myra Hess used to say that if she missed one day's practice she noticed the effect herself, if she missed two then other musicians did, and if she missed three then the audience would know). But criticism from others is mainly helpful in straightening out tangles or detecting ambiguities and infelicities such as unintended assonances or repetitions. It is not needed all the time, only at certain stages of a given piece of work. Of course a teacher need not confine himself to criticizing; he can also see the

task in the first place, supervise your practice and tell you what to read. But if you need a teacher for these things you clearly lack the necessary temperament and obsessions of your own.

One thing that is immensely instructive to a writer is checking the progress of his work through the different writing media: from manuscript to typing (or from untidy typing, in my case, to tidy), from typing to print, and finally from flapping galley to coherent book. This isn't perhaps recognized enough among those who try to teach writing, or even literature—for the full understanding of a piece of literature also depends on grasping the processes it has been through.

In spite of all that printers and publishers may say, a piece of writing does appear in a different light each time it passes one of these stages, and this is why an author is continually waiting to alter it, however clean and final it may appear to everyone else. Quite simply, it is not possible always to envisage what your work is going to look like at the next stage, let alone the next stage but two, when the reading process is itself different, conducted under different conditions (of line-length, legibility, ease of handling, etc) and at a different pace. You keep seeing it afresh, and it is almost impossible not to notice previously overlooked details that call out for improvement.

Of course the producers of your book will hate this; it wastes time and money, and you have no answer when they say to you, "but you had plenty of opportunity to think of that before". You have no answer, but the fact remains that you didn't, and that most people don't. The question then is whether it is worth getting it right. And this is something to which there is no quantifiable answer, being a matter of conscience, ultimately, and not of accounting.

It is presumably the notion that writing can somehow be taught in educational establishments—if only by example, by some kind of infection—that has led to the institution of the Resident Poet. Or do residences of this type need no such justification? After all, the Resident Artist is not always academically relevant to the establishment in which he is invited to reside; more often he seems to be some kind of living gesture in the direction of the arts, a flesh-and-blood "ready-made" fulfilling much the same role as an equally expensive (but more embarrassingly permanent) work of sculpture. The real justification of all such appointments is simply patronage; it is a way of getting an income, and possibly quite a stimulating environment too, for the odd individual of more or less artistic merit.

Well and good, although the direction of my current reading makes me look at the whole business of academically based poetry with a rather jaundiced eye. That is to say, it

has been working on the poetry of Brecht, which is so unacademic in its nature and all its presuppositions—so much closer both to spontaneous inspiration and to an uneducated audience—as to make much of the verse favoured by students (at least here in America) seem dreadfully unreal. And on top of that I am reading Nadezhda Mandelstam's marvellous book about her life with her husband, which comes, with all its horrors, from a world where poets are felt to play a far more important role than we would ever attribute to them, and as a result have a far more intense yet less self-indulgent attitude to their work.

I don't want to overstate my misgivings about the present patronage set-up in the West, but I do feel that we have been too anxious to find new sources of money for the arts and squeeze them (in however altruistic a spirit) for what they are worth, without wondering about the relationship between such sources and the finished product. This is something which calls out for a historical analysis: how far is the artist likely to be affected by scepticism about his patron's motives; does he feel this any more than he did in the Renaissance, let us say, and if so does it matter? It was one of Karl Marx's many incidental insights that he realized how devious the connections must be between great art and its often unacceptable social foundations: "Without Greek slavery, no Greek sculpture" (for words to that effect).

Well, it may be defective imagination on my part—or a certain envy of the kind of indifferent egotism that is superior to these things, and which the present set-up in many ways favours—but it seems to me that working for an individual patron, whatever one's disagreements with him in matters of taste, or ethics, or politics—must be less demoralizing than the new system of sponsorship by some shapeless committee or board, drawing on a pool of foundation or public money without clearly defined responsibilities. It used to be fashionable to sneer at the self-made man who said, "I don't know much about Art, but I know what I like." But how much better for this was than the new collective patron, who knows all about art and doesn't know what they like—or at least have no strong views about it, and are fully prepared to pay (other people's money) for what they don't like (and the providers of the money, and/or the general public, naturally still less).

It is in fact very difficult to have any kind of art today, above a certain minimal popular level (whose products are incidentally not to be despised), without bullshit. You get it from the patrons, from the artists and writers themselves, from the television and Sunday-paper companies, from the critics, from the academic in search of a thesis subject. I don't think you get it much in the TLS (one reason, no doubt, for the paper's abnormally high reputation-to-readership ratio), but that before. You have no answer, but the fact remains that you didn't, and that most people don't. The question then is whether it is worth getting it right. And this is something to which there is no quantifiable answer, being a matter of conscience, ultimately, and not of accounting.

Part of the difficulty no doubt is that the arts which are really in demand in our society, like television and the cinema, are themselves collective ones, whose complex machinery is pretty well inaccessible to any individual creator who is not prepared to become part of the apparatus. This doesn't by any means signify that all the collective arts are needed in the same degree—look at opera and ballet, for instance—but it suggests that the problem lies in the cottage-industry arts, the things people create on their own. Here the one individually honest patron, the man who knows what he wants, is his own man, but since bullshit is part of his central purpose his support seems no less likely than any other to have a distorting effect. Or perhaps that's wrong. For at least the use of the arts for advertising is easier for the artist to work with his tongue in his cheek for some personally ridiculous product than for a disinterested body of careful men of taste.

All right, then how is it to be done? I myself think (but here I am indulging) that a very substantial shift is needed from professionalism to amateurism in the arts. By that I

don't mean that people should become more amateurish, or less trained, but that we should abandon the idea that the only good artists and writers are going to be those who can work full-time at it. Indeed, in those countries where one has to be a member of a monopoly union to make any kind of living from one's work, or to get it put before a public, Svevo, Saito, Claudel and outstanding instances, quite apart from those artists like Henri Matisse whose position itself reflects a changed attitude to their art, today when concentration and insight matter so much more in a work of art than do intensive academic dexterity and laborious technique, there is even less reason why every writer and artist should be expected to expect some kind of great success as such. The concept of amateurism should be broadened, and standards thereby raised—as they must be if increased leisure is not to widen the gap between highbrow culture and the rest.

At the same time I do agree with Arnold Wesker's basic notion that the arts have to be regarded as human need, like schools and libraries, which a society will provide for its most vocal section unless having them. The trouble, however, is that this insistence is not generally felt, and it only counts matters to pretend that it is. It is where the history of popular education would surely be instructive, the difference, for instance, between the attitude to education in France where so many teachers and parents treat it as a creed, and the mysteriously lackadaisical approach in the United States—which is more in line with where we now are with regard to arts.

So writing (for instance) is a matter to be analogous to teaching. Yes, and so are music and art. This does not mean that teaching itself has to embrace these fields, that classes in music and art "application" will serve as a guide for the real thing. Let alone that writing can be taught.

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#### DUCKWORTH

## The genius of transition

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Encounters with Stravinsky  
224pp. Bodley Head. £3.

### LILLIAN LITMAN:

And Music at the Close  
Stravinsky's Last Years  
400pp. Macmillan. £3.50.

### ROBERT CRAFT:

Stravinsky, Chronicle of a Friendship 1948-71  
424pp. Gollancz. £4.

... a religious discussion between Russell and Stravinsky, who was then a phenomenon also of a recent decade of musical civilization—the period from Debussy's *La Mer* to Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du printemps*.

... great individualism is seen from the breakdown of a rigid system: the rigid system of the necessary discipline of coherence, while its breakdown has released the necessary energy, it is a mistake to suppose that the admirable consequences achieved in the first moment of freedom can continue indefinitely. No doubt the ideal is a certain rigidity of action, plus a certain rigidity of thought, but this is difficult to achieve in practice even during brief transitional periods.

... are agreed that Stravinsky was the genius arising from "the breakdown of a rigid system": and the great works of his early period not only "released the necessary energy" but that the exploration of these works could not be maintained. Hence the denial of a major principle, so marked in his earlier works, the cult of severity, and along with the return to classicism, the return to a kind of rigidity of action, plus a certain rigidity of thought, but this is difficult to achieve in practice even during brief transitional periods.

... a chaty narrative of the composer's last years by Lillian Litman, who in 1959 became Stravinsky's personal manager and press representative, and who often accompanied him on his tours.

Stravinsky studies, as everyone is aware, must start with his masterpiece of clown-life, *Petrouchka*. It used to be said of this ballet that Diaghilev, following the *Gesamtkunstwerk* ideal of Bayreuth, here produced his one lasting masterpiece. It was also held that one such example of the cherished ideal of the *Gesamtkunstwerk* was sufficient. It could never be repeated. English critics have not always been as enthusiastic about Stravinsky as Robert Craft so obviously is, but in Edith Sitwell's *Stravinsky* found someone who not only threw into relief the businesslike tragedy of *Petrouchka* but who also saw how closely the origin of this work was associated with the spell which circus life then exercised over so many artists. Edith Sitwell also maintained that *Laforgue* was an inspiration of *Petrouchka*, as he was of other contemporary works, among them Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire*. Mr Craft seems to have forgotten this clowning element in Stravinsky's masterpiece. "In *Petrouchka*" wrote Dame Edith in her *Russian Ballet Gift Book* (1921),

we see mirrored for us, in these clear sharp outlines and movements, all the philosophy of Laforgue, as the puppets move somnambulant through the dark of our hearts. For this ballet, alone among them all, shatters our glass house about our ears, and leaves us terrified, haunted by its tragedy. The music, harsh, crackling rags of laughter, shrieks at us like some brightly painted Punch and Judy show, upon grass as shrill as anger, exulting as hate. Sometimes it jangles (thin as the wire on which these half-human puppets move) or a little hurdy-

A performance? Yes indeed. It was part of a performing ritual, suggesting certain Lisztian qualities of Stravinsky.

And Music at the Close is

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gaily, false sounds hollow, with the emptiness of the hearts of the passing people. "Vivante de can-can de clochers, disant: 'Quel temps fera-t-il demain?' Voici l'hiver qui vient. Nous n'avons pas eu de primes cette année." [This is a quotation from La Fontaine's satire, *Humlet ou le suet de la pièce fêlée*.] But somehow the music has terrible moments of darkness, as when the Magician groins in the booth for his puppet Petrouchka. And there is one short march, quick and terrible, in which the drum taps are nothing but the anguished beat of the clown's heart as he makes his endless battle against materialism. And we know that we are watching our own tragedy. Do we not all know that little room at the back of our poor clown's booth—that little room with the hopeful (inset start) and the badly painted ancestral portrait of God? Here we not only battered our heads through the flimsy paper walls—only to find blackness? In the dead Petrouchka, we know that it is our own poor wisp of soul that is weeping so pitifully to us from the top of the booth, outside life for ever, with no one to warm him or comfort him, while the bright coloured rags that were the clown's body, lie, stabbed to the heart, in the mire of the street—and, with Claudius, we cry out for "lights, lights, more lights." [The quotation is again from La Fontaine's *Humlet*.]

Most admirers of the ironic genius of Stravinsky are puzzled by the fact that he was drawn to the soulful Tchaikovsky. Though he was a great orchestrator in the category of Stravinsky himself, Tchaikovsky was the least ironic of Russian composers. Mr Craft does not enlighten us on this matter. Nor, apart from some brief references, does he comment on Stravinsky's indifference to Mussorgsky, who must surely have been a model for the composer of *L'Histoire du Soldat*. The fact is that there was an element of faithlessness in Stravinsky's musical attachments, not to say an element of cynicism.

In an earlier book of memoirs, Stravinsky made it clear that the two French composers to whom he was principally drawn were Chabrier and Bizet. The character of these composers was absorbed in the early works of Stravinsky, from *The Firebird* to *Pulcinella*. Elsewhere many studies have been written on Stravinsky's relationship with Debussy, but this was primarily a personal attachment in which the interchange of musical ideas played a minor role. Also, Debussy, weighed down

during these years by ill-health, applauded the remarkable vitality of his young friend. He was aware, however, of a streak of arrogance in the nature of the youthful Stravinsky, and prophetically declared that a lack of any kind of modesty in Stravinsky's character would in the end be his undoing. Every musician believes that Stravinsky's attraction to the fashionable theories of Schoenberg, that is to say his craving for power at all costs, did in fact provide an endorsement of Debussy's judgment.

It is important to recall here another study of the composer, Stravinsky: *The Composer and his Works*, by Eric Walter White (1966), written with the assistance of Mr Craft, which is certainly the most enlightened and critical study of the composer to have appeared. Mr White's book contains unpublished letters written to Stravinsky by Ravel, Delius and Debussy. The single letter from Debussy supplements the important series of letters published by Stravinsky himself. Unfortunately, publication was forbidden of the replies written by Stravinsky to Debussy, despite the fact that descriptions of these letters had appeared in sale catalogues. Biographers are naturally interested in consulting a bilateral correspondence, and it is likely that once the Stravinsky-Debussy correspondence has appeared in its entirety we may be in a position to reconstruct the whole of the Stravinsky-Ravel correspondence.

Stravinsky appears to have had no intimate friends among the composers of his time (apart from Rimsky-Korsakov). His relationship with Debussy was guarded, as we have seen. He was associated with Ravel in the revision of *Khoroschinski*, and he was his rival, so to speak, in the presentation of many of the great orchestral works of their time. Edwin Evans, a discerning critic of the 1920s, reported that though Stravinsky and Ravel admired each other, their relationship was free from envy. There was, nevertheless, a single work, Stravinsky's *Le Sacre du Printemps*, which would have been glad to claim and which turned out, not surprisingly, to be the *Berceuse* from the *Firebird*. Stravinsky thereupon made a bid for

the *Dance générale* from *Daphnis et Chloé* (a work clearly inspired by the rhythms of Rimsky-Korsakov). The composers fell out in the end, however, over the merits of *Les Noces*, as *Le Sacre* indeed widened the gulf between Stravinsky and Debussy. The serial works of Stravinsky, written under the influence of Schoenberg, whom he had formerly despised but who was now challenging his supremacy as the leader of the modern school; also his curious attraction to electronic music—a field which his advanced years fortunately prevented him from exploring; these indicate a certain opportunistic aspect of Stravinsky's nature. Large-scale publicity schemes fostered his success in this direction.

All this points to the growing isolation of the forward-looking composer, and to a further endorsement of Bertrand Russell's view that "it is a mistake to suppose that the admirable consequences achieved in the first moment of breakdown can continue indefinitely." The innovations of Stravinsky and his early associates in Paris were achieved in an extremely short period. Unfortunately, we do not yet know all the works of Stravinsky written during this early revolutionary breakthrough, that is to say in the period from approximately 1911 to 1920, though they are listed in the catalogue raisonné compiled by Mr White with the assistance of Mr Craft.

### Irresistible nature of the composer's irony

The names alone, taken from a catalogue compiled by Mr Craft in 1954, of the irresistible nature of Stravinsky's irony. An unpublished song for bass and piano, dated 1904, is entitled "The Mushrooms Going to War". The "Vals des Fleurs" of 1914, for two pianos, is similarly unpublished. A chauriavinsky piece written during the First World War is called "Souvenir d'une Marche Russe". One wonders what ideas are presented in the unpublished sketches for a setting of a dialogue by C. A. Cingria, dating

from 1917, Stravinsky's best period. Of the following year there is a sketch for an intriguing duet for two bassoons. The "Cinq Pièces monodiques" for instrumental ensemble (1920-22) and the "Petit Canon pour la Fête de Noël du Boulanger", for two tenors (1947) are among other unpublished works. Was Stravinsky the Utrillo of contemporary music, flourishing over a brief period and then going to seed?

These facts indicate the need for a much broader catalogue raisonné, a sort of Stravinsky "Köchel". The composer's essays, interviews and other literary efforts, including his librettos and some of his correspondence, are well known. Other material to be drawn upon for a critical biography of Stravinsky should include the letters addressed to the composer, and contemporary judgments. Many of these are not immediately comprehensible. They also reveal the perversity of critics extolling, on the slenderest of evidence, any new work bearing the name of their hero.

Mr Craft suggests that Stravinsky's return to Russia during the Khrushchev regime was roses all the way. Curiously enough, he does not give us Stravinsky's opinion of Shostakovich, nor of Prokofiev, his colleague of the early Diaghilev days. On the other hand, he publishes a strange pronouncement made by the wealthy Stravinsky, accustomed to phenomenal fees, and which could have been delivered in a most cynical spirit. After conducting a Russian orchestra in Moscow in 1962, Stravinsky declared:

A man has one birthplace, one fatherland, one country—he can have only one country—and the place of his birth is the most important factor in his life. I regret that circumstances separated me from my fatherland, that I did not give birth to my works there and, above all, that I was not there to help the new Soviet Union create its new music. I did not leave Russia of my own will, however, even though I disliked much in my Russia and in Russia generally. Yet the right to criticize Russia is mine, because Russia is mine and because I love it, and I do not give

any foreigner that right. (Quoted in the TLS, 1962, 1963, 1964, 1965, 1966, 1967, 1968, 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973, 1974, 1975, 1976, 1977, 1978, 1979, 1980, 1981, 1982, 1983, 1984, 1985, 1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 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# For Snowdon's sake

AMORY LOVINS:

Ryri, the Mountains of Llangry  
177pp. Allen and Unwin. £10.

Ryri is that rough, wild corner of the national park called Snowdonia whose centre is Yr Wyddfa, the mountain Snowdon itself. It is one of the noblest highland terrains in Great Britain and, because of various illusions of light, scale, and emotional enervation, in Europe. Its bone is our hardest rock, its skin our thinnest soil: the life and land there carry no fat. It is an ancient place not only because of the Cambrian and related rocks from which it is hewn and its weathered and time-worn profiles, but also because its summits, lakes and valleys are drenched in native myth and history and the legend, folklore and heroic tradition stemming from them. Humble men speak of it feelingly, and for a thousand years great poets have written of it gloriously. It has been a fustiness of eagles and the Welsh tongue, a training-ground of shepherds and world-famous mountaineers. For some a limbo and refuge, for others a haunt and challenge. It has maintained a formidable harmony with men and beasts and birds and plants since before the Romans reached these islands.

Like so many other ancient living things, it is now under threat, often from those who can honestly claim to have everybody's best interests, including their own, at heart. How shall we can this cherished heritage be kept in good shape now and in the future?

That is the theme of the second half of this large-dimensional and lavishly produced volume. *Ryri* is a curious amalgam, sponsored by the Friends of the Earth, who can never be too many. In shape and style it looks more like a coffee-table book, with its fluent runs of big pictures (photographs by Philip Evans), little texts, and wide open spaces of snow-white paper. Nor are Amory Lovins's opening chapters on "Mountains and the Environment" more than a cowbell-calling to the stiffer slopes beyond. They amply establish that *Ryri* is a fine place and that the author likes

it very much, peaks, pools, cascades, people, language, turn of phrase. "Have you lived here all your life?" "Not yet," even the rain, which is Wales's wettest. Then suddenly, after one more gallery of coloured photographs which make much of North Wales look uncomfortably like southern Malin Island, we reach the book's core and purpose.

In Part Two Mr Lovins's view is expanded to take in the whole of the Snowdonia National Park, 845 square miles of it, from north of the Curmudau and Pen-y-Fryn to south of Cader Idris. In eight short chapters and an epilogue he advances a firm-based, well argued, and at times impassioned plea that this idiosyncratic region of earth should suffer neither hurt nor diminution by the actions of any person or corporate body. The cause, once stated, is incontrovertible. Why establish national parks for joy and the good life, for challenge and recreation, if it is not the intention to treat them honourably and with affection? The question is emotive, but then so is the subject. It is the answer that has to be hard-headed, long-sighted, and enforceable.

Mr Lovins brings most of the problems together under five heads. People live and have lived in Snowdonia for a very long time, and their interests must be seen to. Other people visit the area in hundreds of thousands, and their interests, the interests of tourism, must be seen to, effectively and fast, for all our sakes. Steep and rainy mountains aside there are their attendant lakes, providing "ideal sites" for reservoirs and hydro-electric schemes whose proliferation must enunciate and vulgarize the park's landscape and inescapable. Minerals and metals hide there, and rightly or wrongly every lover of Snowdonia feels an east wind on his back at even the most high-minded pronouncements of those with chains or power to dam and blast the area to tear those riches out. And finally democracy resides there, with its tenants, landlords, local government bodies, National Trust, Joint Advisory Committee, Welsh Office, the State, the owners of mining rights, fishing, forestry—just about everyone except King Arthur and

Rhith of the Beards—and they by prophecy are due to shake a rein and ride in any moment.

It is tempting to cry: Too many lovers and too little love. But this would be unfair. Mr Lovins tries to find guiding principles which he admits fall short of perfection yet could immensely improve Snowdonia's long-term prospects. The area must stay alive in the sense that people can go on making a living on and off the land. There is room for village-based industry and the expansion of local skills. Parliament should lay an embargo on every form of mineral exploitation or prospecting, and debate in the nation's hearing any proposal to the contrary. Initially, maybe, we need a clear definition of what a national park is and what it is for, and an unambiguous rejection of everything that it is not. The control and in some areas the exclusion of the private motor car is a bit like asking for the moon, but meantime the visitor requires amenities, conveniences, and a code of good conduct. It follows that the park needs a warden service on one level and another. It further follows that the park needs an income.

So brusque a summary does less than justice to Mr Lovins's tract for the times. Some legitimate claims may prove incompatible, others represent ideals rather than practicalities. But it should not be beyond the wit and will of man to safeguard Snowdonia for his own well-being.

It is public knowledge that the appearance of this book was delayed some months ago because of what the English publisher calls "legal difficulties". It appears now with a statement by Rio Tinto Zinc as an addendum. The gratifying thing is that no changes have been made in the body of the book. RTZ have had their corrective say, and the case for the preservation and good management of this national treasure, for that is what every national park is, remains as first stated. The Mawddach estuary, we hope and believe, has been saved from its threatened fate. May the same kind of enlightenment and effort save all Snowdonia too. It can happen if the public voice is determined enough, and all minds are open to reason.

# Sacred stones

Westminster Abbey

261pp including unnumbered plates.  
The Annenberg School Press with the cooperation of Weidenfeld and Nicolson. £10.

The Abbey: "a shadow of a great rock in a weary land, a haven of rest in this tumultuous world, a breakwater for the waves upon waves of human hearts and souls which beat incessantly around its island shores" (the Victorian Dean Stanley) or "about as catchpenny as any amusement arcade" (today's *Evening Standard*). As for the latter, weren't pilgrims the same sort of lucrative bore to abbey and cathedral staffs in the Middle Ages as tourists are now? As for Stanley's noble metaphor—yes, but it's possible to recall going in to the Abbey in late 1956, harrowed by Suez and Hungary and tear-gas in Downing Street, to receive a cold sermon on Christianity in the Arctic and a ritual psalm about Israelites smirking Egyptians. Under-educated foreigners seeking to be impressed by soaring architecture are horrified by crowding monuments. Their crowding selves, in July and August, cut off the place as if it were some foreign enclave from natives who have some sense of the tribal overtones in those monuments. But Londoners visit no tribal shrines after the age of ten, save at half-term with the next generation: abroad, of course, say in the "Westminster Abbey of Venice" SS Giovanni e Paolo, they are tourists themselves. In spite of us all, the ambivalent Abbey goes on being its splendid self, a royal peculiar.

The American Ambassador conceived the idea of honouring the place with this book, a new version of the folio of old—half a stone in weight, fourteen inches high, neither lap-reading or coffee-table reading, but lectern-reading. One can but deplore the security of lecterns in modern houses.

Dispersed among the handsome plates and introduced by the Dean are essays by the poet Laureate, A. L. Rowse the historian, George Zarnecki the medieval art historian, the Director of the Victoria and Albert Museum and expert on Renaissance sculpture, and Lord Clark. Among the essays the plates, grouped sixteen in mid-sentence here, forty in mid-

essay there, have a Sunday-morning priority obviously imposed on the distinguished authors by the out. Wonderfully handsome plates, many of them, especially breathtaking colour shots of ceilings. One does miss a view that dour, dark eleventh-century nave passage, one of the oldest in the Abbey still visible, with a garden at the end. But perhaps like that image when the west door is full open and light from a sky beyond gas lamps and the dome opposite touches the sky—such views are unphotographable, some things like that should preserve some things like that.

Yet everyone who knows and loves the Abbey will linger over the plates that is provided, if they feel the need of the book. There is no room for the sort of archaeology or engraving of the Chapter House, as Gilbert Scott found it would be. In the posthumously published *British Commercial Policy and Expansion, 1750/1850*, a pamphlet, giving some sense of what the Abbey has lived through—there is a view of bomb damage, and the new world might be such practised authors can be in a space and without any plate read Abbey's history, like the passage of modern museums, Dr Rowse on the Abbey in the History of the Nation, takes us from the foundation of Thorney Island to the end of the Second World War in 110 pages, its plates, as readable as Dean Stanley's account of a century ago and more. The author over-looks the architecture and architectural sculpture and Sir John Pope-Hennessy's that they are, together, but only 108 pages between them, plates included.

Musical historians might complain that music in the Abbey gets short shrift (George III stands for the Hallelujah Chorus, Handel's monument is carved by Roubiliac, Purcell is buried. Of Purcell it would be interesting to know that he was an organist here, and to recall his quiet for drums and flat trumpet for Queen Mary II. But the silence of Westminster Abbey is a captive evoked at the beginning of the poet Laureate and at the end Lord Clark, discoursing on its special combination of "the commonplace and the numinous" which "in touch even the most prosaic mind

# Losing a market

D. C. M. PLATT:

Latin America and British Trade  
1806-1914

352pp. A. and C. Black. £4.25.

the mining economy re-established the region might provide an exceptionally large market for exports? In the event, of course, the mines were crippled by the ensuing independence wars, and from 1816 onwards the British proceeded to impose gold rather than silver as their preferred international currency. As chance would have it, the world's new gold supplies proved to be located in areas mostly under Anglo-Saxon control, and so the new Latin American republics (with their predominance in silver) were relegated to something of a backwater in world trade, and it proved unprofitable to surmount the geographical obstacles to commerce. Those physical difficulties are well explained by Professor Platt. But since he neglects the larger economic forces, and concentrates on the parochial perspective of the average consul, the author gives the impression that the British traders' enthusiasm for supplying Australia and South Africa (where much of the new gold was located) was motivated primarily by fondness for our kith and kin.

It would, however, be easy to exaggerate the defects of this very informative study, which opens up a substantial new vein in the little-developed mine of Latin American economic history. The author's (almost exclusively English) sources become far more informative towards the end of the century, and they provide judiciousness to the improvement of ports and the expansion of railways. Their consciousness of local efforts to displace British imports furnishes new evidence of the strength of protectionism in the area. This is the best section of the book, which effectively rebuts the

implausible but widespread belief that Latin American governments were often so subservient to foreign economic interests before 1914 that they were incapable of promoting worthwhile infant industries. Where these failed to develop it was, in fact, usually because they were unviable, rather than because of supposed neo-colonial strangulation. The study also contains solid descriptive accounts of trading practices and market developments in each major sector of the international trade which will make it an essential source of reference for specialists.

The author's keenly disputed view that after the 1870s the British economy went into decline, and in particular he denies the argument which claims that Latin America was at this time "the most truly competitive of all", so that the trade gains made by America and Germany in this region foreshadowed our later general decadence. His strongest points are that local protectionism must have affected the import of textiles, for which Britain's comparative advantage was greatest, and that in a few lines of production our manufactures appealed to the tastes of expatriate Englishmen more easily than to foreigners, and therefore that these producers made little serious effort to compete in alien markets. Less convincing is the argument that cartels and market sharing agreements eliminated com-

petition in this allegedly "neutral" market. Although such arrangements were undoubtedly significant for certain producers, the evidence of Professor Platt's case-studies indicates that they were far too weak and scattered to have a significant effect on long-term national performance. Thus, despite the arguments presented, the conclusion remains inescapable that the Latin American market, although by no means perfect, was still more genuinely competitive than elsewhere and was allowing for the changing commodity composition of imports, still a reasonable barometer of Britain's long-run relative decline.

Furthermore, since his consular informants were not grant strategists, Professor Platt overlooks the point (repeated recently by Friedrich Katz) that our German competitors felt obliged to acquire most of their raw materials from the European land-mass, for otherwise in the event of war essential imports to their heavy industries could be cut off by the British navy. Since Germany imported relatively little from Latin America, it was at some disadvantage as an exporter and its influence was concentrated in sectors (such as banks, import houses and the supply of armaments) which were exceptionally vulnerable to any loss of local good will.

The author notes that Latin America absorbed about a quarter of Britain's exports of cotton goods (our largest category of trade) in 1850, but less than a tenth by 1913. This he explains by the claim that British manufacturers were concentrating increasingly on the higher quality of textiles for which there was little Latin American demand. This statement is hard to reconcile with his

evidence that the share of our cotton exports which went to India (hardly a luxury market) rose from 23 to 42 per cent over the same period; or his quotation from a Manchester merchant in the mid 1880s, stating that Britain's international competitive advantage lay in the cheaper end of the scale. It was, of course, Latin American protectionism, rather than our uninterest in low quality production, which accounted for Britain's loss of the market.

Professor Platt is quite explicit that his purpose is to present the historical process essentially from the viewpoint of British traders. This may explain why the statistical tables do not enable us to discover the changing commodity composition of British trade with Latin America, or even the proportion of total British exports which went to the region at different periods in the century. The author states his philosophy of history as follows:

Throughout this book care has been taken to present the decisions and opinions as they would have appeared to businessmen at the time; the intention is to show that within contemporary experience and conditions of trade, the decisions which any qualified man might, and probably should, have taken. British traders and manufacturers were established men with solid financial connections and a century of experience behind them. Could they all have been so misguided? Did Britain's industrial leadership "fall from their ineffectual grasp"? Nothing is perfect. Individuals make mistakes and go bankrupt. Whole generations do not.

Such an outlook enables Professor Platt to write with a genuine sympathy for the object of his study (the British trader), although it might be thought less appropriate to a guide to Latin American history. It seems that for many of our traders, "abroad" was somewhere slightly unfortunate or unpleasant (except for the few regions of British settlement). They found that it was sometimes necessary to despatch our goods to these indecipherable addresses. *Latin America and British Trade* faithfully expresses their viewpoint.

# North of Oxford Street

GORDON MACKENZIE:

Marylebone

320pp. Macmillan. £4.20.

"Marylebone", says Gordon Mackenzie, "unlike aristocratic—or should it be plutocratic—Mayfair or very Chelsea has no clearly defined social image. It is merely a topographical fact." Maybe, but its story is a success-story, full of incident, and the district can still boast more architectural elegance than any quarter of London. Cavendish Square struck the note from the start. Building began about 1720, and early residents were the princely Duke of Chandos; Simon, Lord Harcourt, the Tory ex-Lord Chancellor; and Princess Amelia, daughter of George II. None of these is commemorated by the GLC. Instead blue plaques record the residence of Asquith (would the Harleys, who laid out the square, have welcomed this puerile Earl of Oxford?); and Quinlan Hogg, philanthropic grandfather of another Tory-Lord Chancellor.

Fashion spread westwards into the Portman country—Portman Square, where Mrs Montagu invited Dr Johnson and Mrs Thrale, and also entertained any sweep who presented himself on May Day; Manchester Square with its raffish Harfords and its stuffy Wallace Collection; Bryanston Square, where the Blesingtons went after their marriage in 1813, and Montagu Square, where Anthony Trollope lived near a number of his characters. The De Courcys had a house in Portman Square, and so had the Earl of Drexford in *Phineas Finn*. It was a very good address, so good that George Richmond the portrait painter who lived half a mile away, always had "York Street, Portman

Square" printed on his visiting cards.

At the Cavendish Square end, the Harley estate passed to the Portland and Bentinck and Portland were added to Harley and Cavendish as possible street-names. When Nash's Regent Street swept up from Westminster it broadened into Portland Place, and then delated into Park Crescent and spread in a green flood over Regent's Park. Portland Place, at first acclaimed the finest street in the metropolis, turned its back on London, and as if to emphasize its shut-off character Malton's aqueduct of 1800, looking northward, shows a performing bear in the foreground. Today there is the BBC, its mighty prow turned southward. With its swept-back upper decks and its Eric Gill figure-head it looks as if it might any day slip its moorings and sail back into London.

It is hard to believe that Oxford Street was ever elegant, but Mr Mackenzie quotes a German visitor in the 1780s: Just imagine, dear children, a street taking half-an-hour to cover from end to end with double rows of brightly shining lamps, in the middle of which stands an equally long row of beautifully lacquered coaches.

Soon the familiar names appear—William Debenham (1813); Peter Robinson (1833); James Marshall (1837)—Snelgrove, a Somerset boy, was picked up in 1848; John Lewis (1864); Don Harries Evans, up from Epsom (1879); Boune and his brother-in-law, Hollingsworth (1902); and the biggest names of all, Selfridge (1909), and Marks and Spencer (1930).

The "Oxford Street Frontier", as Mr Mackenzie calls it, is the south-

ern boundary of a land of contrasts—the great medical complex of central Marylebone, loosely labelled "Harley Street", the Park, with its exquisite Nash back-drops, and its Decimus Burton villas; the Zoo, a splendid architectural jumble, with Sir Hugh Casson's old English nest-house for the elephants and Lord Snowdon's airy bird-cage. Mr Mackenzie's story is full of interest—and of regrets, particularly for those pleasant Regent's Canal-side villas destroyed in 1899 by the Great Central Railway to make room for its huge Marylebone goods-yards. Mr Mackenzie is kind to the now-redundant terminus:

It came after all the others; it is the smallest and least frequented; if not exactly lovely, its Victorian gentleman's Jacobean country house appearance, breathing an unwelcome atmosphere of repose and leisure, is more subtly beguiling than any architectural perfection could be. And then, most potent of all, it has about it the beauty of the doomed. It was the last terminus to come and it looks like being the first to go.

He is much too kind to the pathetic packing-cases which Westminster City Council is putting up to house 5,000 along the canal-side now miraculously vacated by the redundant goods-yards. He does justice to Sherlock Holmes in Baker Street, but less than justice to the headmaster of the school whose headmaster (you know my method, Gubbins) were at No 64, despite any GLC nonsense about Dorset Square.

This history, the fruit of deep study and close observation, is a notable contribution to the literature of London.

# Mapped out

JOHN C. BARTHOLOMEW and others  
(Editors):

The Times Concise Atlas of the World

143 maps plus 84pp. Times News-papers. £7.75.

HAROLD FULLARD (Editor):

Phillips' Concise World Atlas

128 maps plus 83pp. Philip. £4.25.

The *Times Concise Atlas* is by no means merely an abridged version of the Comprehensive Edition of *The Times Atlas*. It is true that many maps of the larger atlas have been reduced and adapted to a smaller format, but this new version includes a number of new features. Among these are fifteen pages of maps showing the great cities of the world and their surroundings at scales of from 5 to 8 miles to the inch. Another new feature is an introductory section which illustrates some of the basic elements in the human geography of the world. Such items as the distribution of population, of fuel and energy, of patterns of world trade and of world tourism are ingeniously presented with supporting text; there is a series of maps showing the countries most visited by Americans, British, French and West Germans. Most of the maps of the *Concise Atlas* proper are physical in character, and they show relief in a pleasing range of colours. On these appear an enormous number of names in clear type that is easy to

read. Not all these names appear in the index, but even so the index contains some 90,000 entries. Welcome features are the excellent maps of the southern Urals, Central Asia and China on scales larger than are usually found in general atlases. The maps of the Pacific, the Atlantic and the Indian Oceans are very informative and are accompanied by insets of such islands as Hawaii, Mauritius and St Helena, so frequently are unmapped on anything but the most minute scales. Occasionally, the arrangement of maps is infelicitous as on the map of pages devoted to North and South Africa and to parts of Italy, but in all, this is a very handsome production for those who want something between large atlases of 100 or so smaller atlases in a price range of £2 to £4 or so.

While the *Times Concise Atlas* is basically a physical atlas with a few political maps, Phillips' *Concise World Atlas* is mainly political, and is coloured to show countries and administrative divisions. Even the map of hill-shading presents some idea of relief beneath the political colouring. Its type is small and even the smallest names can be easily read. It has fewer pages than the *Times* atlas, but its smaller format and its index (which is only about 44,000 entries) make its price correspondingly a great deal less. Any comparison between the two atlases would be invalid, for they have different aims and serve different needs. Each is a most successful example of its kind, and together they show how atlas production has so greatly improved in the last fifteen years or so.

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## Books received

### Aviation

MISSING, KENNETH. *Aircraft of World War II*. Second Edition. 272pp. including unnumbered plates. Ian Allan. £2.20.

Some 500 different types of aircraft used by the six powers are described and, in most instances, illustrated. They include minor types which saw relatively little service, transport and even a few gliders. The survey is therefore remarkably comprehensive. A few of the photographic reproductions are in colour and all the pictures are well printed.

### Biography and Memoirs

FARNON, DANIEL. *Marie Lloyd and Music Hall*. 176pp. Tom Stacey. £3.

Daniel Farnon's biography of Marie Lloyd is set between accounts of the early history of the halls, of their decline and of the author's initiation of and involvement in attempts to revive the halls' style of popular entertainment. The writing is occasionally slipshod but the book makes a worthwhile contribution to the literature of its subject, especially in rectifying some long-accepted errors and misrepresentations concerning Marie Lloyd's private life. The nature of her art is expertly explained and her character and way of life emerge particularly strongly because Mr Farnon has taken evidence from her surviving associates. The illustrations are well chosen and informative.

GEHLEN, REINHARD. *The Gehlen Memoirs*. Translated by David Irving. 381pp. Collins. £3.50.

This English translation of a work whose German edition has already been widely reviewed (it was noticed here on January 14) claims to include new material not incorporated in the original, and thus to be "the first full edition" covering the German master-spy's whole career from 1942 to 1971. The new material proves on inspection to consist largely of the author's strongly critical view of the *Deutschland* of the Brandt Government, and the allegedly baneful effects of this policy for the German national interest are illustrated by a photograph of the Chancellor and two of his colleagues taken in Moscow in 1970. General Gehlen's "new material" possesses no historical value and the book remains a highly tendentious and selective account of its author's career.

SWINSON, E. W. *Sort of a Cricket Person*. 318pp. plus unnumbered plates. Collins. £2.75.

E. W. Swinson himself looms large in this admirably written volume, a glance at the photographs is evidence enough of that—but looming large, physically and metaphorically, comes naturally to him. When he was younger, his broad streak of egotism threatened to turn into arrogance, but his religious convictions and perhaps his experiences in a Japanese prisoner-of-war camp—and the pages he devotes to them are, significantly, the best in the book—averted the danger. This is a success story, and certainly his delights in the fame which his writing and broadcasting on cricket have brought him. There is something of the schoolmaster about him; his judgments of both trends and isolated incidents are generally right; his prose presents a decent, spare directness.

### Classics

GRONFYAR, F. R. D. (Editor). *The Annals of Tacitus*. Books 1-6. Volume 1: Annals 1-54. 367pp. Cambridge University Press. £7.90.

This is the first of a four-volume edition of Tacitus's *Annals* 1-6, the first major edition in English for some eighty years. It contains a general introduction, dealing with textual problems and aspects of Tacitean historiography, and a commentary on chapters 1-54 of Book I. Though Tacitus was fortunate in his earliest editors, the *Mediceo* codex of *Annals* 1-6 has never ceased to challenge the ingenuity of scholars, but against much excessive and arbitrary use of conjecture there has in this century been a reaction, led by the "Swedish school", encouraging editors to preserve at almost all

costs anomalies and inconsistencies in orthography, in grammar and in syntax. This view, which suggests that Tacitus "is capable of anything if he can avoid the normal, the monotonous, the conventional", is rejected by F. R. D. Gronfyar. For him Tacitus is a meticulous and self-conscious stylist, whose innovations are never arbitrary, and who maintains a constant stylistic level. The notes examine textual points in detail, and no less fully elucidate the author's motives and bias in writing the *Annals*, especially in his depiction of the character of Tiberius. This edition should prove not unworthy of Professor Gronfyar's great predecessors, Lipsius and Pichena.

### Design

MOLESWORTH, H. D. and KENNEDY-BOWEN, JOHN. *Three Centuries of Furniture in Colour*. 328pp. including 514 plates. Michael Joseph. £7.50.

This book consists principally of colour plates of very varying quality. The reproduction of the Queen's jewel cabinet made by Riesener for the Comtesse de Provence, for example, is a travesty, as is the red hot cabinet by Vile from the Victoria and Albert Museum. These plates are accompanied by brief linking chapters which do little to illuminate the pieces illustrated and in which generalization is carried to the point of being meaningless or even totally inaccurate. When we are told portentously that "great financiers enriched themselves by the use of the new style of furniture" the expert must suppose the authors have *La Live* de Jolly in mind (why not name him?). He was not a financier though his father and brother were both in the tax farms. Proof-reading has been less than adequate. Although like most persons in the eighteenth century, Gaudreaux and Van Risamburgh spelled their names in a variety of ways on documents, they never, it seems, used the forms appearing on pages 122 and 158. A book to put into the hands of experts only; it is too dangerously misleading for the firm.

### Drink

AMIS, KING-SLEY. *On Drink*. 109pp. Cape. £1.

In matters alcoholic Kingsley Amis may be accounted a hurdler. For his cocktail recipes, derived or his own, have a spirit, conceit, high enough to floor the traditional Texan; and he would be the last to deny the short-term benefits of alcohol in depth. So one would not expect to take too seriously his advice on wines, though he has an eye for the inexpensive. Part of his book appeared in a weekly colour supplement, but unfortunately the brilliant illustrations that can be carried off in an article pulls on the colder pages of a book. Also, this tenor of writing when devoted to drink inevitably leads to the back-slapping anti-wine snobbery no less noxious than its opposite. However, Mr Amis is far too experienced an author to be boring or without practical value for aspirant louts. He can be very funny, as in his "Mean God's Guide" to sparse alcoholic entertaining, and he is down-to-earth in his treatment of hangovers.

### Natural History

HENRIK, U. P. (Editor). *Sturtevant's Reddy Plants of the World*. 686pp. New York: Dover. Distributed by Constable. Paperback. £2.50.

Dr E. L. Sturtevant (1842-1896), a prodigious writer, farmer, botanist, physician and first director of the New York Agricultural Experimental Station, had an encyclopaedic knowledge of edible plants, their history, variations and uses. Now that the demand for food increasingly overshadows the supply, it is appropriate that his extensive notes should again be made available, together with a biography and bibliography of his versatile writings.

STANTON, J. D. A. *Forests of Nepal*. 181pp. John Murray. £6.50.

This magnificently produced book, containing 156 colour photographs and numerous maps, is specifically designed to enable the reader to identify the individual species of flora in Nepal. But it covers wider ground than this. The author explains how he was gradually led by the experience gained in the course of his many journeys in Nepal to change their purpose. No longer content to amass a comprehensive collection of plants for the Natural

History Museum, he became interested in the vegetation as a whole. The list of the journeys which he successfully undertook is impressive, including expeditions to regions of Nepal never previously penetrated by botanists. J. D. A. Stanton's perception, careful industry and knowledge are apparent. In Part I of the book he introduces the reader to the climatic and vegetational divisions of Nepal, describing the Terai and the outer foothills; the Midlands, with their four divisions; the Humla-Jumla area; the dry river valleys; the inner valleys and the arid zone. In Part 2 he describes the forest types: tropical and subtropical; temperate and alpine broadleaved; temperate and alpine conifer. Part 3, perhaps the most outstanding contribution to his subject, contains notes on the distribution of species, divided into two main headings with numerous sub-headings. The first heading covers temperate and alpine flora; the second tropical and subtropical flora. Five maps and eleven tables complete a survey as unique as it is valuable. It is unfortunate that the folding map bound with the book did not follow the publisher's specifications and is difficult to read; but a revised version is supplied.

### Photography

MANFRED, HAROLD. *Color Design in Photography*. Translated by E. F. Linsen. 108pp. including unnumbered plates. Focal Press. £4.

Written by a lecturer in photography at the School of Industrial Art at Wiesbaden, this is an attempt to provide an intellectual explanation of the aid of the author's own colour photographs and nine-point triangular colour charts—of the subject of colour aesthetics. As he states in his introduction, his principles are based on the teachings of Goethe, Runge, Munsell, Chevreul, and Itten, and they cover colour contrasts and harmonies, the meanings of individual colours, and the special problems of composing in colour.

Much of the argument is arbitrary. Why, for example, should the three primaries of yellow, red and blue be associated respectively with the triangle, square and circle? This is mysticism. The important physiological effects of colours on the eyes, such as colour perspective, are not mentioned, and on the whole this is not a particularly helpful work on a highly intractable subject. The composition of many of the pictures is pedestrian and tends to set the climax at the weakest point: the centre. Four of the seventy-three colour pictures, however, are brilliant. Apart from its old-fashioned use of sans-serif type, which never makes for easy reading, the book is well produced.

### Railways

ANDERSON, W. J. V. and CROSS, D. *Steam in Scotland*. Volume 2. Edited by Brian Stephenson. 114pp. including unnumbered plates. Ian Allan. £3.50.

A handsome collection of photographs—frontispiece in colour—is a stunner—depicting the later years of steam north of the Border. There are plenty of post locomotives by Greaves on view, but also some good "natives" like the Glen. Because of the abundance of northern geography Scottish railways were sometimes very difficult to build, but they fit beautifully into the landscape. Although the plates are intended to illustrate locomotives at work, in which they succeed, they illustrate also and with distinction the face of Scotland.

BAUGHAN, PETER E. *The Chester and Holyhead Railway*. Volume 1. The Main Line up to 1880. 324pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £4.20.

Peter E. Baughan retells in lively fashion the building and early years of operation of the Chester and Holyhead, which represented an historic stage in an improved route from England to Ireland. Even those with only the faintest interest in railways should savour the story of the design and construction of Robert Stephenson's great bridges at Conway and Menai in which one sees plainly his modesty, daring and inventive genius. At the founding of this immense tube of the Railway Bridge there was a cloud of witnesses, among them at least two notable engineering contemporaries, Brunel and Joseph Locke; and when all was done to the accompaniment of cannon salutes and cheers they rightly toasted the success in chainage.

### Social History

OSBORNE, MICHAEL. *The State Barges of the Stationers' Company, 1680-1850*. 109pp. Stationers and News Paper Makers. £2.25.

Middle-aged Oxford oarsmen will remember the City Livery Company barges strung out along Christ Church Meadow, serving as headquarters of the college boat clubs and still sporting their college flags in Eight's Week as pale reminders of the banners and pennons of their former civic glory. One of them—it seems uncertain whether it was the Exeter or Oriel barge—had been the state barge of the Stationers' Company from 1826 to 1849, the last of five barges which had served the Company since 1679, carrying the Master and liveries in the Lord Mayor's annual water procession to Westminster, escorting royalty on various occasions, and accompanying Nelson's body from Greenwich to St Paul's. From the 1770s it became the custom of the liveriesmen and their ladies to go on a summer spree to the Cape of Good Hope, and the barge was used to carry the Master and his family to the Cape and occasionally by an extra boat carrying more food. This little book, sponsored by the Company, contains some period-favourable embarkation notices reproduced in facsimile, and some pleasant illustrations. Michael Osborne's text is a small addition to a little-researched subject and contains some unexpected information.

QUICKLEY, W. G. H. and ROBERTS, E. D. (Editors). *Register of the Stationers' Company, 1679-1850*. HMSO. £3.75.

The Register of John May, Archbishop of Armagh from 1443 to 1456, contains a mass of material illustrating the political and ecclesiastical history of Ireland at the close of the Middle Ages. Its preservation was due in part to that great seventeenth-century scholar James Ussher, and it now appears in an admirable edition at the hands of W. G. H. Quickley and E. D. Roberts, two Ulstermen who have brought enthusiasm as well as fine scholarship to their task. The production, which has been sponsored by the Queen's University of Belfast and by the Ulster Ministry of Finance, is in every way worthy of the erudition and care expended upon it.

QUICKLEY, W. G. H. and ROBERTS, E. D. (Editors). *Register of the Stationers' Company, 1679-1850*. HMSO. £3.75.

The growth of this book through successive editions must itself be some sort of record. For this new issue the superlatives have been extended to cover the Munich Olympic Games. It remains the ideal book for anybody who wants to know who has walked the longest distance in the world or who the date was of the first extraterrestrial eclipse.

### Sports and Pastimes

McWINTER, NORMAN and ROSS, (Editors). *The Guinness Book of Records*. Nineteenth Edition. 317pp. including unnumbered plates. Guinness Superlatives. £1.20.

The growth of this book through successive editions must itself be some sort of record. For this new issue the superlatives have been extended to cover the Munich Olympic Games. It remains the ideal book for anybody who wants to know who has walked the longest distance in the world or who the date was of the first extraterrestrial eclipse.

MORTIMER, ROGER and WILLET, PETER. *More Great Racehorses of the World*. 236pp. Michael Joseph. £3.25.

Roger Mortimer and Peter Willet are not only among the leading racing commentators, they are also historians and breeding experts, so that their joint production has the benefit of an easy learning which springs from deep familiarity with all aspects of the subject. In this second selection they turn their attention to some thirty horses, more than half of which they may well have seen in their prime. Most of them, if not English bred, raced in England on the flat and some might argue that room could have been found for some of the other great horses that have raced under the British flag, such as the two-year-old first victory of a two-year-old brought him £10 and seven further wins a total of £291. He was sold as a six-year-old and was only then registered for racing in New South Wales. As a six and seven-year-old he won a sequence of fifteen races, handicaps on registered horses, and became the idol of the Australian racing public. As and in the United States he sired Hook Money, a successful stallion over here. Everyone who enjoys racing and its history will welcome this urbane and well-informed account of some of the notable characters, equine and human, who have decorated the British turf in the past years; the illustrations reinforce the text more than adequately.

SHORR, CHRISTOPHER P. *Pictures of the Mediterranean War*. Volume 1. RAF 1940-1959 plus 197 plates. Ian Allan. £5.50.

This volume covers operations in the Mediterranean and North Africa to the middle of 1943 when the enemy was forced back into Europe. It shows allied air power slowly increasing in quality and rapidly becoming a force in the principal theatres of the war, and the land and sea forces, supporting the air in the re-formation of the Italian front. The book is a well-written and interesting account and lends themselves profitably to the camera.

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Apparently the idea of this book to do "for contemporary chess what Reilly did almost half a century ago" is a laudable aim but one in which cannot be said that the author is a more difficult one to describe and evaluate than Reilly's and certainly the writer of this book is not Reilly's genius or his gift for telling phrase. Desmond MacCann wrote of Reilly's works that "this is a poet speaking about the game. One wonders what he would have written about such shop-worn phrases as 'Latter-day heroes' and 'dreams of glory can still come true' as chess Olympians."

### Topography

SCARF, NORMAN. *The Suffolk Landscape*. 256pp. plus 55 plates. Haddam and Stoughton. £3.25.

Norman Scarf has not written a guide-book to Suffolk in the popular manner. He is concerned with archaeology and with history as far back as pre-Roman times, but he is central to his book is the nature of and the changes that have been wrought in, the Suffolk landscape over the centuries. Thirty years so of working with pesticides and machines to destroy hedges and woodlands, of road-building schemes and of the activities of the Forestry Commission, may well be doing much to change the appearance of rural surroundings than was accomplished, if that is the right word, over thirty centuries. Bolan aerial photography (the photographs are uniformly excellent) is one of the tools Mr Scarf uses to reconstruct and interpret the past of a particularly fascinating corner of the English scene.

### Transport

HADFIELD, CHARLES. *The Canals of Yorkshire and North East England*. 254pp. Newton Abbot: David and Charles. £3.50.

Like the other volumes in the "Canals of the British Isles" series, this book provides a detailed account of the histories of each separate waterway. It contains a mass of material, much of it from original sources. The author is one of the most prolific and best informed of waterways writers.

### Typography

Catalogue of 1 Typefounders' Specimens. *IT Books Printed in Foundry of Historic Importance and Works on Typographical Printing and Bibliography*. 107pp. Tony Appleton. 28 Florence Road, Brighton. £3.60.

There are good reasons to welcome this reprint of a book first published in 1928: the descriptions in the 252 items were expertly compiled by Graham Pollard, who also wrote the introduction. A dozen illustrations and two useful chronological lists of both specimens and types were included in the original, which was also well-indexed. It was moreover a handsome piece of typography in itself, printed in a limited edition by Walter Lewis at the University Press in Cambridge.

The photolithographic reprint has been made in an edition of 500 copies in the same quarto format as the original, and is moderately priced, taking into account the provision of a decently blocked book binding. No supplementary information is provided in this reprint, but its original contents fully justify its republication by Tony Appleton, a bookseller who has a geographical literature.

### War

SHORR, CHRISTOPHER P. *Pictures of the Mediterranean War*. Volume 1. RAF 1940-1959 plus 197 plates. Ian Allan. £5.50.

This volume covers operations in the Mediterranean and North Africa to the middle of 1943 when the enemy was forced back into Europe. It shows allied air power slowly increasing in quality and rapidly becoming a force in the principal theatres of the war, and the land and sea forces, supporting the air in the re-formation of the Italian front. The book is a well-written and interesting account and lends themselves profitably to the camera.

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Please write in strictest confidence to:

The Managing Director,  
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## GLASGOW COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY

### A LIBRARIAN

The Librarian is a member of the academic staff, and are expected to undertake appropriate tutorial work with students in library facilities and information retrieval. The duties will be concerned with assisting the existing staff in running the college library and developing the facilities. Applicants should be graduates with a recognized qualification in librarianship, although exceptionally non-graduates holding P.L.A. will be considered. Relevant experience in the field of higher education is desirable. Salary: Up to £3,060 per annum depending upon Scale: experienced plus £11 per annum for approved teaching training. Application forms and further particulars should be obtained from The Director, Glasgow College of Technology, North Hanover Place, Glasgow, G8 7BA, and should be returned by Wednesday, 3rd January, 1973.

## Welsh National Opera require MUSIC LIBRARIAN

Salary according to age and experience.

Write immediately to: Musical Director, Welsh National Opera, John Street, Cardiff CF1 4EP.

## ilea

## Chartered Librarians in Secondary Schools

Vacancies currently exist for Librarians Grade III at the following schools:—

BONUS PASTOR RC (MIXED) SCHOOL

Winterton Road, Downham, Bramley, Kent.

COLLINGWOOD (GIRLS) SCHOOL

York Grove, Queen's Road, Peckham, SE15.

HIGHBURY GROVE (BOYS) SCHOOL

Highbury New Park, N5.

ISAAC NEWTON (BOYS) SCHOOL

Lancaster Road, W11.

NORWOOD (GIRLS) SCHOOL

Crown Dale, SE19.

SARAH SIDDOES (GIRLS) SCHOOL

North Wharf Road, Fiddington, W2.

SHOOTER'S HILL (BOYS) SCHOOL

Red Lion Lane, Shooter's Hill Road, SE18.

SHORETOWN (MIXED) SCHOOL

Falkirk Street, N1.

SOUTH HACKNEY (MIXED) SCHOOL

Cassland Road, E9.

THOMAS PALLIS (BOYS) SCHOOL

Bristow Road, SE29.

Salary scale: £1,944 to £2,424.

Application forms and further details from the Education Officer, Estab 2A/2, County Hall, SE1 7PB (Tel: 01-633 7546). Closing date for receipt of completed application forms 5th January, 1973.

## UNIVERSITY COLLEGE CARDIFF SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LAW LIBRARY

Applications are invited from suitably qualified Honorary Graduates for the post of SUPERINTENDENT OF THE LAW LIBRARY, which will be formed by combining the relevant library stocks of University College, Cardiff, and of the University of Wales Institute of Science and Technology, Cardiff, to serve the newly constituted Joint Law School. Applicants should preferably hold a Law degree and have had considerable experience in Law libraries. Professional library qualifications are desirable, but not essential. The successful candidate will be responsible for the day-to-day running of the library, giving full details of age, education, qualifications and experience, and including the names of two referees, should be addressed to: The Registrar, University College, P.O. Box 78, Cardiff CF1 1XL, to whom two copies of application forms should be sent. Closing date: Thursday, 4th January, 1973. Please quote 0760.

## CIVIC TRUST FOR THE NORTH WEST LIBRARIAN AND INFORMATION OFFICER

A Librarian/Information Officer is required to assist the Civic Trust for the North West.

His or her work will involve running a modest reference library of books, plans, slides and films, and a micro-service for visual aids. He or she will be responsible for the collection of a wide range of informative material and for its presentation and distribution to the public. This post is suitable for someone interested in environmental matters, willing to take responsibility and show initiative, and prepared to work small amounts of unpaid overtime when the job requires it.

Salary by negotiation. Candidates should apply in writing, sending details of qualifications and experience in an envelope marked CONFIDENTIAL, to the Director, C.T.W., 58 Oxford Street, Manchester, M1 8EU.

## PLEASE NOTE

The deadline for Classified Advertisement Copy in the TLS is now 11.00 a.m. every Monday

## Order Form

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